ETHICS

FROM

Séveral Authors,

THE WORDS ACCENTED

to rénder the ENGLISH PRONUNTIATION éasy to Fóreigners.

by CHARLES BERTRAM.

The like néver hithertó attémpted.

In év'ry Work regárd the Wríter's End,
Since none can cómpass more than they inténd;
And if the Méans be just, the Cónduct true,
Applause, in Spight of trívial Faults, is due.

POPE.

COPENHAGEN,

Prínted for the AUTHOR, in the Printing Office of the late Mr. BERLING, by L. H. LILLIE.

M, DCC. LI.

BRITISH MUSEUM
18
73
JUN

TO THE

QUEEN's

Moſt Excellent

MAJESTY.

MADAM,

THE many eminent Virtues united in the Perſon of Your Majeſty, have ſo effectually endeared You to Your Loyal Subjects of DENMARC and NORWAY, that whatever

You are pleaſed to recommend, is ſure to meet with their unanimous Acceptance.

This Conſideration added to my great Deſire of dedicating to Your Majeſty, emboldens me to interceed for Your Royal Recommendation and Protection of the *Engliſh-Tongue*, which, as it is obvious to all Perſons of polite Letters, is at preſent not only eſteemed one of the Four Principal Languages of *Europe*, but has in a very peculiar Manner the Province of European Learning lately aſſigned to it, by a very famous French Critic, the Abbot *le Blanc*.

It is alſo underſtood or ſpoken by moſt Perſons of Diſtinction, either for Birth,

Let-

Letters or Taſte in *Europe;* and we know that her Royal Highneſs the *Margravin* of *Bayreuth*, the Princeſs *Amalia*, Siſters to the King of *Pruſſia;* the Princeſs of *Waldeck*, Madam *Godtſchedin*, and others renouned for their Wit in *Germany;* the learned Marquis *Nicolini*, Marquis *Maffei*, Count *Algarotti* &c. in *Italy*, with *Madame de Bocage*, Mr. *Voltaire*, Mr. *D'Alembert*, in *France*, and many other great Names, glory in the Knowledge of it; nor do the *French* ſupport their Language a little by their frequent Translations of our *Engliſh* Authors.

The Progreſs the *Engliſh-Tongue* has made in the two *Daniſh* Kingdoms ſince Your Majeſty's Arrival, and the Pub-

lication of my *Engliſh-Daniſh Grammar*, is not ſmall: But was it to meet with that Protection and Favour from Your Moſt Gracious Majeſties, that the *French* Tongue ſo laudably has, who need doubt of it's being equally as well known, and of it's procuring to Your Subjects as ſolid Advantages as the other?

Which Favour to procure, I will not alledge the Partiality of Your Majeſty's *Engliſh* Birth, nor the ſtrict Amity of the two Crowns; the Conformity of the two Tongues, being both derived from one Spring; nor yet the general Inclination of the *Danes* to conſult *Engliſh* Books, tho' theſe are none of them trivial Incitements to ſuch a Conceſſion; But only the Complement

plement Your Majeſty will thereby make to a Glorious Nation, that equally loves and admires You.

What is peculiar in the preſent Treatiſe is my having introduced neceſſary Accents to facilitate the *Engliſh* Pronuntiation to Foreigners, eſpecially the Ladies of Your Majeſty's Court; which being a Thing never hitherto attempted, accounts for the Smalneſs of the Volume; and the Text, being Morals extracted from the beſt Authours of the Age, will make it worth the Peruſal of others.

The favourable Reception this meets with, will encourage me to undertake Works of greater Moment, and in the

mean

mean Time I beg Leave to remain with the moſt profound Reſpect,

MADAM,

Your Majeſty's Moſt Obedient

Moſt Dutiful and

Moſt Faithful Subject

Copenhagen
July 3d. 1751.

Charles Bertram.

THE PREFACE.

AS the greáteſt Difficulty in Pronóuncing the *Engliſh* Tongue procéeds from the Mobílity of the Accent, and the díffering Sóunds of the ſame Díphthongs, the Accents béing not expréſſed in Print, or the látter to be redúced in the cómpaſs of a few cértain Rules, I have by a new Méthod endéavoured to remoóve bóth theſe *Symplegades* óut of the Way of my Fóreign Réaders, that are deſíreous to leárn the Pronuntiátion of the *Engliſh Tongue;* That is, by inſérting the Accents óver thèir próper Vówels, and límiting therewíth the Sóunds of the Díphthongs.

But befóre I procéed to the Work it ſelf, it is néceſſary that the Réader obſérves, That in all accénted Syllables énding with a Vówel, the Vówel is pronóunced with the Sóund it is cálled by, in the *Engliſh* Alphabet; but befóre a Cónſonant the accénted Vówel is pronóunced ſhort as in *Mánner*, *bétter*, *bigger*, *gótten*, *cínning* &c. If a Vówel accidéntally ſóunds long befóre a Cónſonant or ſhort in a Díphthong, I have márked it by invérting the Accent thus, *Tàſte*, *Sign*, *Night*, *òld*, *bòth* &c. where the Vówels are long thó' befóre Cónſonants, and *èither*, &c. where it is ſhort tho' in an accénted Díphthong. I have álſo introdúced a Doúble *Hyphen* (=) at the end of a Line in Spélling, after ſhort Vówels, or where the Sóund of a Síngle Cónſonant is doúbled (for which we have, as yet, no *Dageſch*, or Note) to warn the Réader of the Vówels béing ſhort, tho', perháps, accénted. Thoſe Polyſyllables not márked with an Accent, have it on the Inítial Létter, or firſt Syllable.

The Díphthongs *ea*, *ei*, *ou*, *ow*, háving éach two or three different Sóunds, I have diſtínguiſhed in Mánner fóllowing: *ea* ſóunding like the long énglíſh e is márked thus *Fëar*. *ea* when it

it ſounds like a ſhort *e*, is left unaccénted thus *Breaſt*; and when *ea* ſounds like a long *a*, I have nóted it thus *greát*. *ei* ſounds èither like a long *e*, or a ſhort *e*; when long, I have márked it thus *concéive*, but when ſhort thus *Hèir*, *èither*, &c. The true ſound of *ou* is expréſſed by the *Dániſh* and *Gérman* au, and is márked thus, *fòund*, *abòut*, &c. In *thòugh*, *fòur*, &c. it takes the Sound of lóng *o*. but in *yoú*, *Bloúd*, &c. it uſúrps the ſound of the *French ou*, or *Engliſh u*, tho' pronóunced ſhórter in the laſt, than in the firſt of the two Exámples. *ow* is a Députy of *ou*, and thérefore ſounds like the próper Sóund of that Díphthong in, *nów*, *hów* &c. but when it ſounds like to a long *o*, I have márked it thus *knòw*, *ròw*, *glòw* &c.

And had óur Printing-Office fúrniſhed us with a ſufficient Número of Vówels diſtínguiſhed by ◡ and - Qvántities, as I had deſigned them in my Wrítten-Cópy, the Réader woúld have had yet far greáter Aſſiſtance, ſuch as is to be met with in the Exámples in my *Grámmar*.

The Text is a míxed Colléction of *Móral-Mátter* extrácted from the Wrítings of *Rochefaucoult*, Sir *Róger*, *L'Eſtrange*, Lord *Bácon*, *Pope*, &c. tho' in ſéveral Pláces I have áltered thèir Words, or ádded my òwn, whenéver I thóught ſuch Alterátions contríbuted to give the Lánguage a bétter Turn.

And as the Colléction conſíſts of 400 MáXIMS, 30 FáBLES with their MóRALS, and 15 PáSSAGES in *Hiſtory moraliz'd*, it comprehends a large Stock of Words, which if the Réader accúſtoms himſélf untó, will proove a Guìde to him in réading óur óther Books, and of pronóuncing ſo as not to grate an *Engliſh* Ear.

SELECT

SELECT THOUGHTS AND MAXIMS.

SPEAK little, and ſpéak well, if yoú woúld be look'd upón as a Man of Mérit.

He that does not uſe himſélf to ſpéak with Wárineſs and Reſérve in Things of little Cónſequence, will be ſure to slip in Affáirs of Impórtance.

Nóthing is ſo tíreſom in Converſátion, as long Speéches, void of all Grace and Attráction.

The Way to pléaſe and ſucceéd in Converſátion, is not to take half ſo much Pains to bring one's ówn Wit ínto play, as the Wit of óther Péople.

A Spírit of Contradíction turns the ſweéteſt Converſátions ínto dównright Wránglings: It is almóſt impóſſible, in ſuch a Conjúncture, to avoíd Offénce on one Side, or the óther.

Converſátion óught to be éaſy, and full of Témper: The Rule is, to héar, ánſwer pértinently, and contradíct nóthing.

Exaggerátions muſt be avoíded: That Mánner of ſpéaking álways offénds, èither agáinſt Truth, or Discrétion; and betráys the ſhállow Capácity and ill Táſte of the Spéaker.

There are mány Péople in the World, who upón the Crédit of béing vértuous, or, at léaſt, of appéaring ſo, becóme inſuppórtable; becáuſe, it ſeems, they may take all Mánner of Príviléges.

He that caréſſes yoú beyónd his Cúſtom, èither wants yoúr Aſſíſtance, or méans to deceíve yoú.

He that parts with his Eſtáte, befóre he dies, prepáres himſélf for Abúndance of ill Uſage.

To knòw the Válue of Móney, the beſt Way is to be oblíg'd to bórrow it.

Truth', Júſtice and Réaſon loſe all their Fòrce, and all their Lúſtre, when they are not accómpanied with agreéable Mánners.

Nóthing is ſo cátching,

as Exámple; and we are né-ver the Authors of véry wórthy, or véry baſe Acti-ons, which do not produce the like.

It is not ſo dángerous to do moſt Men Injuries, as to do them too mány Fávours.

The réadieſt Way to be chéated, is to think ones ſelf cúnninger, than óther Péople.

Péople, who are well in the World, are not apt to mend their Faults: When Fórtune ſmiles upón their Fóllies, they álways think them réaſonable.

The Fávours we have reéiv'd from ány one, oblíge us to give him a líttle way, when he does us an Injury.

None are afráid of Contémpt, but ſuch, as are réally contémptible.

What we call Liberálity, is óften nóthing, but the Vánity of Gíving; of which we are fónder, than of the Thing we give.

We find but few Péople ungráteful, while we are in a Condítion to do Fávours.

We ſhould óften be aſhámed of óur fineſt Actions, if the World was to ſee all the Mótives, that produce them.

We óften forgive thoſe, who are tíreſom to us; but we cánnot forgive them, to whom we are tíreſom.

Pride will not owe, and Self Love will not pay,

The Knòwledge of one's ſelf is the Foundátion of all Vértues; as the Ignorance of one's ſelf is the Soúrce of all Víces.

Misfórtunes ſurpríze us, ónly for Want of dúly reflécting on the Condítion of óur Náture, and the Míſeries, that are inſéparable from it.

What makes Péople diſſátisfied with their Condítion, is the Chimérical Idéa they form of the Háppineſs of óthers.

Décency and Interéſt are the órdinary Soúrces of the Téars we ſee ſhed by a greát mány Péople.

There are mány Péople a Man eſteéms, becáuſe he knòws them not.

It requíres as much Skill and Addréſs to tell the Truth, as to concéal it

Péople óften do Truth an ill Office, by their mánner of defénding her.

Tru[th]

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True Cúnning is nóthing but exáct Diſcrétion; which makes a Man ſincére withóut béing ſílly, and quick-ſighted withóut béing a Knave.

The fréquent Uſe of Cúnning, is álways the Effect of greát Incapácity, and the Mark of a nárrow Génius.

We óught to cúltivate the Friéndſhip of all Men, and depénd, in a mánner, upón none: There are Few, that are áble and willing to ſerve us; but évery one may do us ill Offices.

Friéndſhip cánnot be maintáin'd withóut the Forgíveneſs of mány Faults on both Sides.

It is as difficult to find a True Friénd, as it is to meét with Pérſons, who are cápable of gíving us good Cóunſels, who excúſe óur Faults, and ſúccour us in Néceſſity.

Want of Reſpéct and Eſteém makes Friéndſhip incónſtant, and rúins its ſtrongeſt Foundátions.

It is not the Pérſon, that is órdinarily belóv'd; 'tis his Fórtune, his Ríches, his Emplóyment. This is pláinly ſeen in Misfórtunes.

We óught to prefér Enemies, that are too bítter, to Friénds, that are too ſweet; becáuſe the firſt óften ſpéak Truth, and the óthers néver do.

If we had the Art of concéaling óur Infírmities, óur Enemies coúld have no Opportúnity to hurt us; becáuſe we are álways attáck'd and vanquíſh'd in that Quárter.

An Enemy is more ſevérely púniſh'd by Contémpt and Oblívion, than by the ſhárpeſt Tórtures: For to ſlight and forgét him, is, in a mánner, to redúce him to Nóthing.

When once Péople have táken Offénce, they think they have an etérnal Right to ſuſpéct the Pérſon that gave it; This is what makes it a moſt difficult Thing, to meet with heárty Reconcíliátions.

The Quárrels of the Greát are hárdly to be reconcíl'd; becáuſe they are contínually kept up by Suſpícions and Repórts; and it álways háppens, that one of them can not, or will not, put Faith in the óther.

Chánge of State and Condítion does not álways change

the Húmour of Men: It óften ſerves but to give them an Opportúnity of diſcóvering what they had diſſémbled, to arríve at their Ends.

A plain and nátural Behávíour is the moſt agreéable: A forç'd, affécted Cárriage is as inſuppórtable to óthers, as it is páinful to ſuch, as práctiſe it.

A Man impóſes on himſélf, when he thinks to impóſe upón óthers; and it úſually háppens, that in cóvering ſome líttle Imperféction, he diſcóvers ſome of the greáteſt.

A Cónduct full of Diſguíſes, does a Man hurt; and makes him ſuſpécted of many críminal Actions, which óften he does not commít.

Every Condítion of Life has its Mánners and Decórums, and éven cértain Vértues, which are pecúliar to it: Theſe a Man óught to knòw, and cárefully preſérve and práctiſe; ótherwiſe he falls into Ridicule.

There is Good and Bad évery where; a good and a bad Side: All the Art is to find it out. This is the Réaſon there are ſome, who are álways conténr; and óthers, who are néver ſátisfied.

A ſérious and compós'd Air is véry decéitful; but of éxcellent Uſe in cóvering a Man's Imperféctions.

Thòugh a ſérious Air is tédious and búrthenſom to óthers, it makes a Man óften reſpécted, and rárely contémn'd.

Thoſe that have néither Wit, nor Leárning, géneráll práctiſe with Grávity, to draw óthers ínto an Opínion of their greát Senſe, Penetrátion and Capácity.

Men in Pówer are álways unháppy, in béing almóſt álways expóſed to Envy and Suſpícions in good Evénts, and to Repróach and Contémpt in bad ones.

The Moderátion of Cónquerors is óften nóthing, but a Deſíre to augmént the Glóry they have púrchas'd by Víctory.

Men call'd up to Greátneſs and Pówer, becóme órdinarily contémptible in the Place of their Birth, Envy thròwing a Shade óver évery Thing, but the Imperféctions they had befóre their Elevátion.

Prínces and Greát Men ſhoúld

ſhoúld diſtínguiſh themſelves from the reſt of Mankínd, ónly by the Pówer they have to do more Good, than they.

Intereſt is the Sóveraign of Prínces. There are few of them, who had not ráther wóund their Cónſciences, than their States.

The Scíence of a Prince ſhoúld be the Art of Góvernment; which is bétter taught by Expérience, than Books.

The Còurts of Prínces are the órdinary Abóde of Lying, Diſſimulátion, Envy and Fláttery.

There are no Péople more unháppy, than thoſe, that hang upón the Còurts of Prínces; ſince there is no ſort of Part, which they are not oblíg'd to play.

All Pówer, and all Superiórity, excítes the Envy of moſt Men, and is háteful to them. This is the Réaſon they decry, with ſo much Licence, the Cónduct of thoſe, who are put óver their Héads, and whoſe Authórity they cánnot diſpúte.

There are no Péople more dángerous, than thoſe, who unwórthily poſſéſs the Affection of Prínces.

Mágiſtrates óught not to go upón what the Péople ſay, who ſpéak and act ónly by Páſſion.

It is néceſſary to tólerate cértain Víces and Abúſes, when they cánnot be roóted óut withóut overtúrning the State.

Every Nátion óught to góvern it ſelf accórding to the Necéſſity of its Affáirs, and the Preſervátion of the Públick-Wéal.

We óught, próperly, to féar and love nóthing but GOD; ſince there is nóthing but HE alóne, that can make us háppy or unháppy.

Every one makes his Háppineſs conſíſt in the Poſſéſſion of what he loves, and not of what is lóvely, and what woúld too be more for his Hónour and Advántage.

It is not enoúgh, in órder to do good and génerous Actions, that a Man has divíne Inténtions; he muſt líkewíſe make Choice of próper Móments to ſucceéd in them, and be extrémely prúdent in the Execútion of his Deſigns.

There is nóthing, próperly,

ly, but Vértue, that makes Men hónour'd and eſteém'd. The Moſt Debáuched themſélves cánnot help práiſing it, and reſpécting thoſe, that práctiſe it.

Vértue is néver withóut Reward; ſince a good Action is well recompéns'd by the Pléaſure there is in háving done it.

The Práctice of cértain Vértues, and the Shúnning of cértain Víces, is not all, that is requíred in the Chárácter of a good Man.

There is more Glóry and Hónour in dóing cómmon and órdinary Things, when they are úſeful to the Públick, than in dóing ſuch, as are ſhíning and extraórdinary, when they are búrthenſom, or of no Uſe to it.

True Hónour álways conſíſts in dóing what óur Dúty requíres of us, hów éver méan and troúbleſom it may appéar.

Moſt Men paſs their Lives withóut Aim or Deſign. Their Mínds are in a cóntínual Reverié, withoút knòwing whíther they tend, or where they woúld be.

A Man might paſs awáy his Life with Pléaſure, if he did not troúble himſélf ſo much abóut óther Péople's affáirs: 'Tis a mad Thing, to be ſo ſénſible to what does not concérn us, and to be ſo líttle ſo to what does.

The ill Uſe we make of Life, diſórders it, and rénders it unháppy. This is what makes the Háppineſs of Life ſeem álways too ſhort to us, tho' Life be long enoúgh.

The gréateſt Part of the Incúmbrances of old Age, are órdinarily òwing to the ill Uſe of one's Yoúth.

Men do not álways gròw wíſer, as they gròw ólder; becáuſe the Infírmities of the Mind increáſe with thoſe of the Bódy.

If a Man had the Art of ſétting Bóunds, to his Deſíres, he míght eſcápe a great mány Sórrows, and meet with Satisfáctions.

We are ſo fond of Truth, that we woúld All we love was Truth.

It woúld coſt Men leſs Troúble to corréct their Imperféctions, than to diguiſe them, as they do, with

with ſuch a Número of Artifices

The Debáuch of the Cónſcience is the Soúrce of all húman Imperfections.

The ill Uſe we make of our Proſpérity, is óften the Cauſe of our Misfórtunes.

Good and bad Fórtune are néceſſary to Man, to make him knòwing and déxterous.

Bad Fórtune is more advantágeous to Man than Good: The one ſerves to húmble him, and convínce him of the Incónſtancy of wórldly Things; the óther ónly ſerves to puff him up with Pride.

Bódily Pain is the ónly Evil of Life, that Réaſon cánnot cure, nor abáte.

In órder to appéar wórthy of an Emplóyment, the Fatígues of it muſt be bòrn with Pátience, withóut ſhéwing ány Sîgns of them withóut Dòòrs.

'Tis véry difficult for a Mágiſtrate, addícted to Lúxury and Debáuch to be diſintereſted and incorrúptible.

Opportúnities of adváncing one's ſelf are not wánting: What makes the Unfórtunate, is, not ſeéing them, or not knòwing hów to impróve them.

The ſúreſt Méthod of Conſolátion agáinſt all, that can háppen, is álways to expéct the Worſt.

'Tis Want of Júdgment, not to ſee Dánger; 'tis Stupídity, or Ráſhneſs, not to féar it, and to expóſe one's ſelf unadvíſedly to it.

Geneálogies almóſt álways chànge with Fórtune: This is what provídes the Rich with ſuch a Múltitude of Reláticus, and léaves the Poor almóſt quite withóut.

Márriages of Intereſt are Soúrces of Diviſions and Quárrels, inſtéad of béing Bands of Love.

As Men are náturally vain, Fláttery quite ſpoil them; becaúſe it ſtops them from reflécting on their Faults, and corrécting them.

If we woúld líve in Péace, we muſt accúſtom our ſelves to beár the Fóoleries of óther Péople; as a Man accúſtoms himſélf to ſee úgly Fáces, withóut béing ſcàr'd at them.

A Man were a Fool, not to knòw hów to hide his Fóllies, and to preténd to excúſe them: The Defénce of a Bad

a Bad Cauſe is worſe than the Cauſe it ſelf.

Sórrow and Diſquíet are Rémedies for nóthing: They make us ſtill more wrétched in ill Fórtune.

There is nóthing ſo troúbleſom in the Commérce of Life, as a váin Wit, prepoſſéſs'd with his òwn Mérit.

Shállow Péople órdinarily make a Míſtery of évery Thing, éven of the greáteſt Trífles: Every Thing ſeems extraórdinary to them.

Moróſe fantáſtical Nátures are álways allédging Faults agáinſt all the World; beċáuſe they apprehénd, they are júſtly blàm'd themſélves, for the véry Faults they fálſly charge upón óther Péople.

The World júdges nowa-days ſo ſuperfícially of Things, that the Grace of órdinary Words and Actions, done and ſpóken with a good Air, with ſom Knówledge of what páſſes in the World, óften Succeéds bétter, than the greáteſt Abílities.

To be too much diſſátisfied with one's ſelf, is a Wéakneſs: To be too well ſátisfied with one's ſelf, is a Sóttiſhneſs.

The Chief Wiſdom of Man conſiſts in knòwing his Fólíies.

There is as much Wit in beáring the Imperféctions of óthers, as in diſcóvering their good Quálities.

True Eloquence is that of good Senſe, plain and nátural: That which ſtands in Need of Fígures and Ornaments, is only fóunded upón this, that moſt Men are véry ſhort-ſighted, and have but a Glimpſe of Things.

The ſoft and ídle Lives of moſt Men and their contínual Diſtráction with regárd to óutward Objects, make them conténted with ſeéming Pérſons of Vértue, withóut táking ány Pains to becóme ſo.

No bódy can chuſe but our ſelves whéther we ſhall be vértuous, and repúted ſo: We cánnot chuſe, that óthers ſhall be oblíg'd to beliéve it, and to allów us this Quálity: Nevertheléſs, we lábour ónly to be allówed the Reputátion of vértuous Péople, withóut táking ány Care to deſérve it.

Trúly vértuous Péople are álways like themſélves: They évery where maintáin the Good

Good Man's Cháracter: They have a greát déal of Indúlgence for all the World, and álways judge cháritably of thèir Nèighbour.

Such as are vírtuous in Appéarance, are oblìg'd to pùt themſélves únder mány Conſtráints, and to obſérve greát Méaſures, in órder to paſs for what they are not: Soon, or late they contradíct and betráy themſélves, becáuſe they act upón contradíctory Prínciples.

The too greát Góodneſs of a vírtuous Man expóſes him to Tricks and Decéits As he álways júdges well of his Nèighbour, he does not províde agáinſt the Artifices of wícked Péople.

Ríches don't téach a Man to cure himſélf of his Páſſion for Ríches. The Poſſéſſion of greát Wealth does not give the Repóſe there is in deſíring nóne.

'Tis véry rare, that Réaſon cures the Páſſions: One Páſſion is cúred by anóther: Réaſon óften goes óver to the ſtróngeſt: There is no víolent Páſſion, that has not its Réaſon to aúthorìze it.

'Tis Strength of Mînd, fránkly to confeſs óur Defécts and óur Perféctions; and it is a Wéakneſs, not to be ſátisfied with what is Good or Bad in us.

To atténd well, and to ánſwer well, is a greáter Perféction, than that of ſpéaking well and a greát déal, withóut atténding and ánſwering to the Things, that are ſaid to us.

Shállowneſs of Wit, Ignorance and Preſúmption are the Cáuſes of Obſtinacy; for the Obſtinate will beliéve nóthing but what they comprehénd, and they comprehénd but a véry few Things.

'Tis a véry cómmon Fault with Péople, néver to be ſátisfied with their Fórtune, nor diſſátisfied with thèir Wit.

The Socíëty, and éven the Friéndſhip, of mòſt Men, is nóthing but a Tráffick of Intereſt, which laſts no lónger, than 'tis wánted.

Life is good in it ſelf, and the greáteſt Bléſſing in the World, but the worſt mánag'd: 'Tis of óur Irregulárities, and not of Life, that we óught to compláin.

The Sécret to pléaſe in Converſátion, is not to expláin Things too much, to

tell them by halves, and léave them a líttle to conjécture: 'Tis a Mark of the good Opínion one has of óthers, and nóthing ſo much tíckles their Self-Love.

Rállery is óften a Mark of the Bárrenneſs of the Mìnd: It cómes ínto a Man's Aſſiſtance, when good Arguments fail him.

True Friéndſhip conſiſts in Spéaking with Sincérity; and télling one's Séntiments withóut Fláttery,

Ambítion is the Queen of Páſſions. Love it ſelf and the Laws are ſúbject to her. There are no Unions ſhe does not diſſólve.

Every Thing is fortúitous in Life, éven one's Birth. There is nóthing cértain but Death: And yet we act, as if it was the ónly Thing uncértain.

Put yoúr ſelf álways in the Place of him, to whom yoú woúld do an Injury, and yoú won't offénd him.

Avoíd ſpéaking of yoúr ſelf with too much Advántage. Néver ſeárch for the Imperféctions of óther Péople. Tis the ónly Sécret to eſcápe the Láſhes of Sláander.

Tréat all the World cívilly at all Times, and néver inſúlt óver yoúr Nèighbour's Calámity, if yoú woúld be belóv'd by évery Bódy.

True Mérit dépends not upón the Time, nor the Fáſhion.

Nóthing is more wéak, and leſs réaſonable, than to ſubmit one's Júdgment to that of óther Péople, with óut ány Uſe of one's òwn.

In ſad Evénts, don't preténd to too greát Strength of Mínd: There is as much Wéakneſs in it, as in excéſſive Weéping, which is ráther a Tóken, that one woúld be thóught afflícted, than the Proof of a réal Affliction.

Abóve all Things, avoíd Law-Súits: The Cónſcience is affécted, the Health impáir'd, and the Súbſtance ſquánder'd awáy in them.

Self-Love is the greáteſt of all Fláttérers, and cúnninger than the cúnningeſt in the World.

We have all of us ſtrength enoúgh to suppórt the Misfórtunes of óther Péople.

The Durátion of óur Páſſions depénds no more upón us, than the Durátion of óur Lives.

Good

Good Fórtune requíres greáter Vértues to ſuppórt it, than bad.

Páſſion óften makes a Fool of the moſt ingénious Man, and óften makes the greáteſt Blóckhéads ingénious.

If we had no Pride of óur òwn, we ſhoúld not compláin of that of óther Péople.

The Sun and Death cánnot be look'd upón ſtéadfaſtly.

Whatéver Inequálity there appéars in the Fórtunes of Men, there is, nevertheléſs, a Compenſátion of Good and Evil, that makes them équal

To fix themſélves in the World, Péople do all they can to appéar fix'd in it.

Fórtune turns évery Thing to the Advántage of thoſe ſhe fávours.

Our Actions ſeem to have their fórtunate, or unfórtunate Stars, to which they owe a greát Part of the Práiſe and the Blame they meet with.

There is no kînd of Disguiſe, that can long concéal Lòve, where it is; nor cóunterféit it, where it is not.

Sílence is the ſúreſt Choice for him, that diſtrúſts himſélf.

'Tis more dishónourable to ſuſpéct óur Friénds, than to be decéiv'd by them.

Men woúld not live long togéther in Socíëty, if they were not the Dupes of one anóther.

Old Men love to give good Précepts, becáuſe they are no lónger in a Condítion to give bad Exámples.

The Mark of an extraórdinary Mérit, is to ſee, that thoſe, who énvy it the moſt, are forç'd to praiſe it.

He that knòws not hów to ask, knòws not hów to give.

Coúrteous Lánguage it worth much, and coſts bus líttle.

To try yoúr Friend, tell him a Trífle: If he keeps yoúr Sécret, tell him the moſt important Mátters.

He, that has no Senſe at Thírty, will néver have ány.

Don't put of 'till to mórrow, what yoú óught to do to day.

Let us not reſt upón the Vírtue of óur Anceſtors: Let us be Pérſons of Worth ourſélves.

Péace and Pátience, and Death with Repéntance.

Péople gîve nóthing ſo fréely, and ſo réadily, as Cóunſel.

The Politeneſs of the Mind lies in forming vértuous and délicate Reflections.

We are ſo accuſtom'd to diſguiſe ourſélves to óthers, that in the End, we are a Sécret to our-ſélves.

If we did not flátter ourſélves, the Fláttery of óthers coúld not hurt us.

Hope, as decéitful as it is, ſerves, at léaſt, to léad us to the End of Life, by a pléaſant Róad.

The World óftner rewárds the Appéarances of Mérit, than Mérit it ſelf.

When Vices forſáke us, we flátter our ſélves with an Opínion, that 'tis we who forſáke them.

Vértue woúld not go far, if Vánity did not keep her Cómpany.

We éaſily forgét óur Faults, when they are knòwn to none, but óur ſelves.

Moſt Péople judge of Men ónly by the Vògue they are in, or by their Fórtune.

Hypócriſy is a Kind of Hómage that Vice pays to Vértue.

We are not much troúbled for the Misfórtunes of óur Friénds, when they ſerve to make óur Ténderneſs for them nóted.

Yoúth is a contínual Quárrel; 'tis the Féver of Réaſon.

Affécted Simplícity is a délicate Impóſture: The Mérit of Men has it's Séaſon, as well as Frúits.

We álways love thoſe, who admíre us; but we don't álways love thoſe, whom we admíre.

The Grátitude of moſt Men, is nóthing but a Sécret Lónging to recéive greáter Fávours.

Almóſt évery Bódy takes a Pléaſure, in acquítting themſélves of ſmall Obligátions: Mány Péople have Grátitude for indífferent ones; but there is hárdly ány bódy, that is not unthánkful for greát ones.

We meet with few Péople of good Senſe, but thoſe that are of óur Opínion.

When óur Friénds have decéiv'd us, we owe nóthing but indífference to the Marks of their Friéndſhip; but we álways owe ſome Senſibílity to thèir Misfórtunes.

A Man is ſómtimes a Fool with Wit; but he is néver ſo with Júdgment.

Old

Old Age is a Tyrant, who forbids, upón pain of Death, all the Pléaſures of Yoúth.

'Tis éaſier to be wiſe for óthers, than for one's ſelf.

A Man is néver ſo ridículous by the Quálities he has, as by thoſe he affécts to have.

No bódy loves to praiſe óther Péople; and when they do it. 'tis álways with ſome View. Praiſe is a cloſe, ſúbtle Fláttery, which ſátisfies both the Gíver and the Recéiver.

The Diſcláiming of Práiſes, is óften a Deſíre to be prais'd agáin.

'Tis not enoúgh to have greát Quálities. a Man muſt knòw hów to mánage them.

Our Mérit gains us the Eſteém of wórthy Men; and óur Star, or Dígnity, the Eſteém of the Públic.

There are Péople diſtáſteful with Mérit; and óthers, who pléaſe with Faults.

Víces énter ínto the Compoſition of Vértues, as Poíſons énter into the Compoſition of Médicines.

Our Repéntance is not ſo much a Sórrow for the Evil we have done, as a Dread of that, which may befál us for it.

We had bétter emplóy óur Minds in ſuppórting the Misfórtunes, that befál us, than in foreſeéing thoſe, that may befál us.

All Péople are not deſpís'd, who have Víces; but évery one is deſpís'd, who has no Vértue.

The Health of the Sòul is no more ſecúre, than that of the Bódy: And thòugh a Man appéars forſáken of Páſſions, he is as much in Dánger of béing cárried áway by them, as of fálling ſick, when he is well.

True Válour is, to do, withóut Witneſſes, what a Man mìght be cápable of dóing befóre all the World.

'Tis difficult to judge, whéther a cléar, ingénuous and hóneſt Proceéding be the Efféct of Próbity, or of Art.

It makes a Man mad, to be trick'd by his Enemies, and betráy'd by his Friénds; and he is óften contént to do bòth by him ſelf.

The ſúbtleſt Point of Cúnning is, to diſſémble well the Fálling ínto the Traps, that are laid for us: And a Man is néver ſo éaſily decéiv'd,

céiv'd, as when he thinks of decéiving óthers.

Every one gives his Heárt a good Chárácter; but no bódy dares gíve his Wit one.

What ſóurs us ſo much agáinſt thoſe, who put Tricks upón us, is, that they think themſélves cúnninger, than we.

The greáteſt Effórt of Friéndſhip is, not to ſhòw óur òwn Faults to a Friénd, but to let him ſee his.

We ſhoúld deſíre but few Things árdently, if we pérfectly knew what we deſíre.

Moſt Men adápt Relígion to their Intereſts, inſtéad of adápting their Intereſts to Relígion.

The Vértue of moſt Men lies, moſt cómmonly, in óutward Práctices, in which the Heárt has no mánner of Share.

Nóthing is more dángerous, than the falſe Appéarances of Píëty and Devótion. Hypócriſy has àlways been the Mask made uſe of to cóver the moſt pernícious Deſígns.

Miſtrúſt yoúr ſelf, and yoú won't be decéiv'd.

Every one compláins of his Mémory, but no bódy compláins of his Júdgment

There are Pérſons, whoſe Imperféctions becóme them; and óthers, who are diſgrác'd with their good Quálities.

The Háppineſs of Man in this Life does not conſíſt in béing withóut Páſſions, but in becóming the Máſter of them.

Moſt Men contént themſélves with knòwing or beliéving the Things ordáin'd by Relígion, withóut taking Care to fóllow them.

The Mérit and Greátneſs of a Man ſhoúld be méaſur'd ónly by his Vértue, and not by his Fórtune.

True Mérit does not conſíſt in greát Advántages of the Mínd, Bódy, or Fórtune, but in the good Uſe we make of thoſe Things.

Moſt Men are guíded by Cúſtom, Intereſt and Páſſion, and not by Réaſon.

Such as cánnot put themſélves fórward by true Mérit, make a Mérit of thèir Víces and ill Quálities.

True Mérit is álways accómpanied with Civílity and Módeſty, as the Falſe is with Vánity and Háughtineſs.

'Tis

'Tis óften more difficult to ſuppórt greát Mérit, than greát Imperféctions.

There is nóthing ſo vain, nor at the ſame time ſo falſe, as thoſe Marks of Eſteém and Affection Men gíve one anóther, becaúſe there is nóthing leſs ſincére.

Fine Words and Greát Prómiſes make no Impréſſion, but upón the Mínds of Fools and ſílly Péople.

Tis a greát Wéakneſs to be crédulous, nóthing béing more cómmon than Lying.

If we woúld knòw what is ſaid of us in óur Abſénce, we have nóthing to do, but to conſíder what is ſaid of óthers in óur Préſence: No more Regárd will be had for us than for óther Péople.

The ſúreſt way to báffle the Repórts, that are rais'd of us, and the Rúmours, that annóy us, is, to deſpíſe them, and take no Nótice of them.

Pátience is the ſúreſt Rémedy agáinſt Calúmnies: Time, ſoon or late, diſcóvers the Truth.

Nóthing is more cápable of confóunding Enemies, than Pátience in Injuries. A toúchy Man cómmonly ſhews them his Foíbles, and gíves them an Opportúnity to make an Advántage of it.

There is more Glóry in forgíving, than there is Pléaſure in revénging.

Compláints and Repróaches are Rémedies for nóthing; and génerally ſerve for nóthing, but to bring thoſe, that make them, ínto Contémpt.

A Man génerally reſémbles the Cómpany he keeps. This óught to oblíge us to have no Commérce but with wíſe and Vértuous Pérſons.

A Man ſhoúld endéavour to cure the Suſpícions of óthers, by a ſincére and ingénuous Way of proceéding: Excúſes and Explanátions óften ſerve ónly to rénder us cúlpable.

Such as are for Eclairciſements upón évery Thing, have néver ány Quiét. The Way to live conténtedly, is to turn óur Eyes from the Cáuſes of Diſcontént, that are gíven us, and to diſſémble them déxterously.

The Hebréws ſay, There is no Vértue in forbeáring to do ány one Wrong; but 'tis a greát Vértue to ſúffer pátiently

pátiently the Wrong that is done us.

Opínion is the Cauſe of moſt of the Plàgues of Mánkìnd. A white Eléphant has coſt Míllions of Men to the Kings of Síàm and Pegu. Other Aſiátic Prínces have házarded their òwn Líves, and thoſe of their Péople, to make themſélves Màſters of the Tooth of an Ape, which was becóme their God.

Mérit is not álways rewárded. Chance has óften more to do in't than Refléction. Fávours are almóſt álways in the Hands of Fórtune, and rárely in the Pówer of Réaſon; unléſs they are diſtríbuted by that Sort of Men, who knòw the Worth of Vértue by their òwn Expérience.

There is in the Heárt of Man a contínual Propagátion of Páſſions, ſo that the Rúín of one is almóſt álways the Eſtábliſhment of anóther.

Philóſophy éaſily tríumphs óver Evils paſt, and Evils to cóme; but préſent Evils tríumph óver Philóſophy.

We are more áble than wílling: And 'tis óften to excúſe us to óur ſelves, that we imágine Things are impóſſible.

Truth does not do ſo much Good in the World, as its Appéarances do Míſchief.

Good Grace is to the Bódy, what good Senſe is to the Mind.

The Love of Júſtice is, in moſt Men, nóthing but the Féar of ſúffering Injúſtice.

In the Troúbles of óur beſt Friénds, we álways fínd ſómthing that does not displéaſe us.

We óftner pléaſe, in the Cómmerce of Life, by óur Imperféctions, than by óur good Quálities.

While Supínity and Timorousneſs keep us in óur Dúty, óur Vértue has óften all the Hónour of it.

We confeſs óur Imperfections, in Order to repáir, by óur Sincérity, the Préjudice they do us in the Mìnds of óthers.

We néver confeſs óur Imperféctions, but óut of Vánity.

Too greát Haſte to acquít an Obligátion, is a kìnd of Ingrátitude.

There is as much Eloquence in the Tone of the Voice, in the Eyes, and in the Air of

of the Perſon, as in the Choice of Words.

A Man has but few Imperfections, which are not more pardonable, than the Methods he takes to hide them.

Nothing ſhould ſo much abate the Satisfaction we have in our ſelves, as to ſee, that we diſapprove at one time, what we approv'd at another.

Whatever Care a Man takes to cover his Paſſions by the Shews of Piety and Honour, they always appear through theſe Vails.

Men are not only ſubject to forget both Benefits and Injuries; but they even hate thoſe that have oblig'd them, and ceaſe to hate thoſe, who have wrong'd and abus'd them. The Trouble in requiting a good Turn, and revenging an ill one, appears a Servitude to them, they have much adó to ſubmit to.

We promiſe according to our Hopes; and we hold according to our Fears.

Intereſt ſpeaks all Languages, and acts all parts, even that of the diſintereſted.

They that apply themſelves too much to little Things, generally become incapable of great ones.

If Love be judg'd of by moſt of its Effects, it looks more like Hatred, than Affection.

There is but one ſort of Love; but there are a thouſand different Copies.

It is with true Love, as with Apparitions; every body talks of them, but few have ſeen any.

Love lends his Name to an infinite deal of Commerce, that is attributed to him; and wherein he has no more Share, than the Doge in what's done at Venice.

We can love nothing but with an Eye to our ſelves; and we do nothing but follow our Humour and our Pleaſure, when we prefer our Friends to our ſelves. Tis, nevertheleſs, thro' this Preference alone, that Friendſhip can be true and perfect.

The firſt Movement of Joy we have for the Proſperity of our Friends, is neither owing to the Goodneſs of our Nature, nor the Friendſhip we have for them; but is an Effect of Self-Love, which flatters us with the Hope of being happy in our

Turn, or of réaping ſom Advántage from their good Fórtune.

What Men call Friéndſhip, is nóthing but a mútual Cultivátion of Intéreſts, and a Trúcking of good Offices; nóthing but a Cómmerce, wherein Self-love álways propóſes to be a Gáiner.

The Blíndneſs of Men is the moſt dángerous Efféct of their Pride. It ſerves to noúriſh and aúgment it; and hínders us from feéing the Rémedies, which might alléviate our Míſeries, and cure us of óur Diſórders.

Self-love áugments, or diminíſhes the good Quálities of óur Friénd in our Eſteém, in propórtion to the Satisfáction we have in them: And we Judge of their Mérit by their way of líving with us.

In Friéndſhip, as in Love, a Man is òften háppier by the Things he knòws not, than by thoſe he knòws.

There are Péople, who woúld néver have been in Love, if they had néver héard talk of Love.

A Man woúld have but líttle Pléaſure, if he did not flátter himſélf.

A Man is néver ſo háppy, nor ſo unháppy, as he thinks himſélf.

'Tis a kìnd of Háppineſs to knòw hów far a Man is to be unháppy.

When a Man finds not his Repóſe in himſélf, 'tis in vain to ſéek it elſewhére.

Háppineſs is in the Réliſh, and not in Things; and 'tis in poſſéſſing what he likes, that a Man is háppy, and not in poſſéſſing what óthers fáncy.

Whatéver Shame we have deſérv'd, 'tis almóſt álways in óur Pówer to recóver our Reputátion.

A Man does not pléaſe long, when he has but one ſort of Wit.

Wit ſomtímes helps us ſtóutly to play the Fool.

In Love, he that is firſt cur'd, is álways beſt cur'd.

Yoúng Wómen, who woúld not appéar wánton, and Men in Yéars, who Woúld not be ridículous, ſhoúld néver talk of Love, as a Thing they coúld ſhare in.

All the Páſſions make us commít Faults; but Love makes us commít the moſt ridículous.

Fór-

Fórtune and Mággotry gó-vern the World.

Penetrátion has an Air of divíning, which flátters óur Vánity more, than all the óther Quálities of the Mìnd

It is éaſier to knòw Man in géneral, than to knòw one Man in partícular.

The ſúreſt Mark of béing born with greát Quálities, is to be born withóut Envy.

We óught not to judge of the Mérit of a Man by his greát Quálities, but by the Uſe he makes of them.

Our Pride is óften augménted by what we retrénch from óur óther Imperféctions.

There are no Fools ſo troúbleſome, as thoſe, that have Wit.

We ſhoúld be greáter Gáiners by ſhòwing our ſelves as we are, than by endéavouring to appéar what we are not.

Our Enemies cóme néarer the Truth, in the Júdgments they make of us, than we do óur ſelves.

There is óften more Pride than Góodneſs in laménting the Misfórtunes of our Enemies: We ſhew them Sìgns of Compáſſion, to let them ſee, that we are abóve them.

We have not the Coúrage to ſay in géneral, that we have no Imperféctions, and óur Enemies no good Quálities; but if we come to Partículars, we are not far from thínking ſo.

Fòur Things are néceſſary to the Háppineſs of Life; Health, Tranquíllity of Mìnd, Goods of Fórtune, ſincére Friends.

Flátteries make indifferent Pérſons ſick, írritate the énvious, and diſpléaſe éven thoſe, that recéive them.

Whatéver Care a Man takes to diſguíſe himſélf, the Páſſions, ſoon or late, ſhòw him in his true Cólours.

What is done in Páſſion, is always done agáinſt Réaſon; and gives, áfterwards, abúndant Mátter of Repéntance. A Móment of Anger, or of Delight, a Word ſpóken in Héat, coſts ſómetimes Sórrow, which laſts a Man's whole Life.

The Contémpt of Ríches was in the Philóſophers a ſécret Deſíre to Revénge their Mérit upón the Injúſtice of Fórtune, by the contémpt of thoſe véry Goods, of which

which ſhe depriv'd them: 'Twas a ſecret to ſecúre themſélves from the Diſgráce of Póverty, a by-way to cóme at the Eſtéem they coúld not have by Kíches.

Sincérity is an Opening of the Heárt: 'Tis fóund in véry few Péople: and what is órdinarily ſeen, nóthing but an ártful Diſſimulátion, to win the Cónfidence of óthers.

If we had no Faults ourſélves, we ſhoúld not take ſo much Pléaſure in remárking them in óthers.

Moderátion in good Fórtune is nóthing but an Apprehénſion of the Shame, that fóllows upon Páſſion and Tránſport, or the Féar of lóſing what a Man has.

A Man néver forgéts Things bétter, than when he is wéary of tálking of them.

The Moderátion of Pérſons, who are éaſy in the World, is ówing to the Calm, that good Fórtune gives to their Húmours.

Moderátion is a Féar of falling íuto the Envy and Contémpt, that ſuch deſérve, as are intóxicated with their good Fórtune 'Tis a vain Oſtentátion of our Fórtitude. In a Word, the Moderátion of Men, in their hígheſt Elevátion, is a Deſíre to appéar gréater, than their Fórtune.

Moderátion is like Sobríety: A Man woúld willingly éat more; but he is afráid of dóing himſelf Hurt.

The Clémency of Prínces is óften nóthing but a Polícy, to gain the Affection of the Péople.

This Clémency, of which Men make a Vértue, is one While práctis'd out of Váníty, anóther while, out of Supínity, óften óut of Féar, and almóſt álways óut of all thrée togéther.

The Capríchio of óur Húmour is ſtill more fantáſtical, than that of Fórtune.

Thoſe, that Think they have Mérit, make a Brag of béing unfórtunate, to perſuáde óthers and themſélves, that they are wórthy to be the Butts of Fórtune.

A Man muſt be áble to ánſwer for his Fórtune, to be áble to ánſwer for what he ſhall do hereáfter.

Hów can a Man ánſwer for what he ſhall do hereáfter, ſince he knòws not préciſely what he ſhall do at the préſent Time.

There

There are Men, who make uſe of their Friends, as they do of their Clóaths, which they léave off, when they have wòrn them thréadbare.

There is nóthing more ridículous, than to fall ínto a long Péal of Láughter; and 'tis not a Whit the bétter, to be the firſt to láugh at yoúr òwn Stóry.

He who knòws but líttle, has ſoon ſaid what he knòws; But 'tis cómmon with thoſe that knòw nóthing, to love to talk of what they are unacquáinted with. This Intémperance of the Tongue, is one of the gréateſt Plagues of Life.

Man is a vain-glórious Animal, who emplóys his Wit in ſeárching for the Imperféctions of his Féllow.

Pátience and tranquíllity of Mìnd contríbute more, than the whole Art of Médecine, to cure the diſtémpers of the Bódy. Brutes, that have not ſo mány Anxieties, are néither ſo long, nor ſo dángerously ſick as Men; and cure themſélves withóut Phyſick, by Repóſe alóne.

Let not Price, nor Promiſe of Hónours bribe thee to take Part with the Enemy of thy nátural Prince; Aſſúre thy ſelf whoéver wins, thóu art loſt. If thy Prince preváil, thou art procláimed a Rébel, and bránded for Death; if the Enemy próſper, thou ſhalt be reckóned but as a meritórious Tráitor, and not ſecúre of thy ſelf; He, that loves the Tréaſon, hates the Tráitor.

If thy Strength of Parts hath rais'd the to an éminent place in the Cómmon-wealth, take heed thóu ſit ſure: If not, thy Fall will be the greáter: As Worth is fit mátter for Glóry; ſo Glóry is a fair Mark for Envy. By hów much the more thy Adváncement was thóught the Rewárd of Deſért; by ſo much thy Fall will admíniſter Mátter for Diſdáin: It is the ill Fórtune of a ſtrong Brain, if not to be dignified as meritórious, to be depréſt as dángerous.

There are three ſorts of Góvernment; Monárchical, Ariſtocrátical, Democrátical; and they are apt to fall three ſéveral ways ínto Rúin. The firſt by Tyranny; the ſécond by Ambítion; the laſt by

Túmult. A Cómmon-wealth gróunded upón ány one of theſe, is not of long Contínuance, but wíſely míngled, éach guárds the óther, and makes that Góvernment exáct.

Let that Cómmon-wealth, which deſíres to floúriſh, be véry ſtrict, both in her Púniſhments and Rewárds, accórding to the Mérits of the Súbject, and offénce of the Delínquent: let the Sérvice of the Deſérver be rewárded, leſt thóu diſcoúrage Worth; and let the Crime of the Offénder be púniſh'd, leſt thou encoúrage Vice: the Negléct of the one wéakens a Cómmon-Wealth; the Omíſſion of both rúins it.

It is Wíſdom for him, that ſits at the Helm of a ſéttled State, to deméan himſélf towárd his Súbjects at all times ſo, that upón ány évil Accident, they may be réady to ſerve his Occáſion: He, that is ónly grácious at the Appróach of a Dánger, will be in Dánger, when he expécts Delíverance.

That Prince, who ſtands in Féar more of his òwn Péople, than of Strángers, óught to buíld Fórtreſſes in his Laud: But he, that is more afráid of Strángers, than of his ówn Péople, ſhall buíld them more ſecúre in the Afféctions of his Súbjects.

Cárry a wátchfull Eye upón Dángers, befóre they come to Rípeneſs; and when they 'are ripe, let looſe a ſpeédy Hand: He that expécts them too long, or meets them too ſoon, gives Advántage to the évil: Commít their Begínnings to Argus his húndred Eyes, and their Ends to Brîárëus his húndred Hands, and thóu art ſafe.

It is néceſſary Wíſdom in a Prince to encoúrage in his Kíngdom Manufácture, Mérchandiſe, Arts, and Arms: In Manufácture lyes the vítal Spírits of the Bódy Políticｋ: In Mérchandiſe, the Spírits Nátural: In Arts and Arms, the Animal. If éither of theſe floúriſh, the Bódy floúriſhes.

It is more éxcellent for a Prince, to have a próvident Eye for the prevénting fúture Míſchiefs, than to have a pótent Arm for ſuppréſſing préſent Evils: Míſchiefs, in a State, are like Héctic Féavers in a Bódy. In the Begínning hard to he knòwn, but

but éaſy to be cúred; but, let it alóne a while, it becómes more éaſy to be knòwn, but more hard to be cúred.

It is an infállible Sign of appróaching Rúin in a Repúblick, when Relígion is neglécted, and her eſtábliſh'd Céremonies interrúpted: Let thérefore that Prince, that woúld be pótent, be píous; and that he may púniſh looſeneſs the bétter, let him be relígious. The Joy of Jerúſalem depénds upón the Péace of Sion.

It is a Príncely Alchymy, óut of a néceſſary War, to extráct an hónourable Péace, and more beſeéming the Májeſty of a Prince, to thirſt áfter Péace, than Cónqueſt: Bléſſedneſs is prómis'd to the Péace-máker, not to the Cónqueror. It is a háppy State, whoſe Prince hath a péaceful hand, and a mártial heárt, able both to uſe Péace, and to mánage War.

If thóu be ambítious of Hónour, and yet féarfull of the Cánker of Hónour, Envy; ſo beháve thy ſelf, that Opínion may be ſátisfied in this, that thou ſeékeſt Mérit, and not Fame; and that thou attríbuteſt thy Preférment ráther to Próvidence, than to thy òwn Vértue: Hónour ís a due Debt to the Deſérver; and who éver énvied the Páyment of a Debt? a juſt Adváncement is a providéntial Act; and who éver énvied the Act of Próvidence?

It is véry réquiſite for a Prince to keep the Church álways in Propórtion to the State. If the góvernment of the one be Monárchical, and the óther Democrátical, they will agrée, like Métal joíned with Clay, but for a while. Dúrable is that State, were Aáron commánds the Péople, and where Móſes commánds Aáron; but moſt háppy, in the contínuance, where God commánds both.

If a Prince expécts Vértuous Súbjects, let his Súbjects have a Vértuous Prince; ſo ſhall he the bétter púniſh the Víces of his degénerate Súbjects; ſo ſhall they trúlïer prize Vértue, and fóllow it, béing exémplified in their Prince.

Three Ways there are to begín a Repúte, and gain Dignities in a Cómmonwealth

wealth. The firſt, by the Vértue of glórious Párents, which, till thóu degénerate too much, may raiſe thee upón the Wings of Opínion: The ſécond is, by aſſociáting with thoſe, whoſe Actions are knòwn éminent: The third, by ácting ſome Exploít, éither públick, or prívate, which in thy Hand has próved hónourable: The two firſt may miſs, béing fóunded on Opínion: the laſt ſéldom fails, béing gróunded upón Evidence.

A Prómiſe is a Chìld of the Underſtánding and the Will; the Underſtánding begéts it, the Will brings it fòrth: he that perfórms it, delívers the Móther: he that breáks it, múrthers the Child. If it be begótten in the Abſence of the Underſtánding, it is a Báſtard, but the Chìld muſt be kept. If thóu miſtrúſt thy Underſtánding, prómiſe not: if thou haſt prómiſed, breàk it not: it is bétter to maintáin a Báſtard, than to múrther a Child.

Chárity is a náked Chìld, gíving Hóny to a Bee withóut Wings: náked, becáuſe excúſeleſs and ſímple; a Chìld, becáuſe téndet and gròwing; gíving Hóny becáuſe Hóny is pléaſant and cómfortable; to a Bee, becáuſe a Bee is labórious and deſérving; withóut wings, becáuſe hélpleſs and wánting. If thóu denieſt to ſuch, thou kílleſt a Bee; if thou gíveſt to óther, than ſuch, thou preſérveſt a Drone.

Befóre thy Undertáking of ány Deſígn, wèigh the Glóry of thy Action with the Dánger of the Attémpt; if the Glóry outwèigh the Dánger, it is Cówardìze to negléct it; if the Dánger exceéd the Glóry, it is ráſhneſs to attémpt it; if the Bállances ſtand poiz'd, let thy òwn Génius caſt them.

Woúld'ſt thóu knòw the Láwfulneſs of the Action, which thou deſíreſt to undertáke? let thy Devótion recomménd it to divíne Bléſſing; if it be láwful, thou ſhalt percéive thy Heárt encoúraged by thy Práyer: if unláwful, thou ſhalt find thy Práyer diſcoúrag'd by thy Heárt: That Action is not wárrantable, which éither blúſhes to beg a bléſſing,

or

or háving ſucceeded, dares not preſént Thánskgiving.

If évil Men ſpéak good, or good Men évil of thy Converſátion, exámine all thy Actions, and ſuſpéct thy ſelf. But if évil Men ſpéak évil of thee, hòld it as thy hónour, and by way of Thánkfulneſs, lovè them, but upón Condition, that they contínue to hate thee.

If thóu hope to pléaſe all, thy Hopes are vain; if thou féar to diſpléaſe ſome, thy Féars are ídle. The Way to pléaſe thy ſelf, is not to diſpléaſe the beſt, and the way to diſpléaſe the beſt, is to pléaſe the mòſt: if thou canſt fáſhion thy ſelf to pléaſe all, thou ſhalt diſpléaſe him, that is All in All.

If thou neglécteſt thy Love to thy Nèighbour, in vain thou profeſſeſt thy Love to God: for by thy Love to God, the Love to thy Nèighbour is begótten, and by the Love to thy Nèighbour, thy Love to God is noúriſht.

Thy Ignorance in unreváled Myſteries, is the Móther of ſáving Faith; and thy Underſtánding in reváled Truths, is the Móther of a ſécret Knòwledge: underſtánd not thérefore, that thou máyeſt beliéve; but beliéve, that thou máyeſt underſtánd. Underſtánding is the Wáges of a lively Faith, and Faith is the Rewárd of an húmble Ignorance.

Pride is the Ape of Chárity; in ſhòw, not much unlíke, but ſomewhát fúller of Action In ſeéking the one, take heed thou lìght not upón the óther: they are like two Párallels; néver uníted, but aſúnder: Chárity feeds the poor, ſo does Pride: Chárity builds an Hóſpital, ſo does Pride: in this they díffer; Chárity gíves her Glóry to God, Pride takes her Glóry from Man.

Flátter not thy ſelf in thy Faith to God; if thou wánteſt Chárity for thy Nèighbour; and think not thou haſt Chárity for thy Nèighbour, if thou want'ſt Faith to God; where they are not bòth togéther, they are both wánting; they are both dead, if once divíded.

Be not too ſlòw in the breáking of a ſínful Cúſtom: a quick courágious Reſolútion is bétter, than a grádual

Deliberátion in ſuch a cómbat: he is the bráveſt Sóldier, that lays abóut him withóut Féar, or Wit: Wit pléads, Féar disheártens; He that woúld kill Hydra, had bétter ſtrike off one Neck, than five Heads. Fell the Trée, and the Bránches are ſoon cut off.

*Be cárefull ráther of what thóu doſt, than of what thou haſt: for what thou haſt, is none of thine, and will léave thee at thy Death, or thou the Pléaſure of it, in thy Sícknes. But what thou doſt, is thine, and will fóllow thee to thy Grave, and pléad for thee, or agáinſt thee, at thy Reſurréction.

Let not thy Fáncy be guíded by thine Eye; nor let thy Will be góverned by thy Fáncy: thine Eye may be decéived in her Object, and thy Fáncy may be delúded in her Súbject: let thy Underſtánding móderate betweén thine Eye, and thy Fáncy, and let thy Júdgment árbitrate betweén thy Fáncy and thy Will; ſo ſhall thy Fáncy apprehénd what is true: ſo ſhall thy Will eléct what is Good.

Endéavour to ſubdúe as well thy iráſcible, as thy concupíſcible Affections: To endúre Injuries with a brave Mind, is one half of the Cónqueſt: and to abſtáin from pléaſing Evils with a courágious Spírit, is the óther. The Sum of all Humánity, and Heíght of móral Perfection is, Beár, and Forbeár.

If thou deſíre not to be too poor, deſíre not to be too rich: he is rich, not he, that poſſéſſes much, but he, that cóvets no more: and he is poor, not he, that enjoys líttle, but he, that wants much: The conténted Mind wants nóthing, which it hath not: the cóvetous Mind wants not ónly what it hath not, but líkewíſe what it hath.

The óutward ſénſes are the cómmon Cinque-pórts, where évery ſúbject lands towárds the Underſtánding. The Ear héars a confúſed Noíſe, ánd preſénts it to the cómmon Senſe The cómmon Senſe diſtínguiſhes the ſéveral Sóunds, and convéys it to the Fáncy. The Fáncy wíldly deſcánts on it. The Underſtánding (whoſe Object is Truth) apprehénding it to be Múſick, commánds

ménds it to the Júdgement; The Júdgement ſéverally and joíntly exámins it, and recomménds it to the Will. The Will (whoſe Object is Good) appróves it, or dislíkes it, and the Mémory recórds it. And ſo in the óther Sénſes, accórding to their Súbjects. Obſérve this Prógreſs, and thou ſhalt éaſily find, where the Defect of évery Action lies.

The Way to ſubjéct all Things to thy ſelf, is to ſubjéct thy ſelf to Réaſon: Thóu ſhalt góvern mány, if Réaſon góvern thee: Woúld'ſt thou be crówned the Mónarch of a líttle World? commánd thy ſelf.

Seárch ínto thy ſelf, befóre thou accépt the Céremony of Hónour: If thou art a Pálace, Hónour (like the Sun-Béams) will make thee more glórious: If thou art a Dúng-hill, the Sun may ſhine upón thee, but not ſweéten thee. Thy Prince may give Hónour, but not make thee hónourable.

A Vów, a Prómiſe, and a Reſolútion, have all one Object, ónly díffer in Reſpéct of the Pérſons, to whom they are made. The firſt is betweén God and Man. The ſécond betweén Man and Man. The third betweén Man and his òwn Sòul. They all bìnd, if the Object be láwful, to Necéſſity of Perfórmance: if unláwful, to Necéſſity of Sin; they all take thee Príſoner. If the Object be láwful, thy Perfórmance hath redeém'd thee; if unláwful, Blood and Téars muſt ránſom thee.

If thou haſt any Bús'neſs of Cónſequence in Agitátion; let thy Care be réaſonable, and ſéaſonable. Contínual ſtánding bent wéakens the Bòw, too háſty dráwing breáks it. Put off thy Cares with thy Cláths, ſo ſhall thy Reſt ſtréngthen thy Lábour, and ſo ſhall thy Lábour ſweéten thy Reſt.

When thy inórdinate Affections do flame towárds tránſitory Háppineſs, quench them thus: think with thy ſelf; if my Prince ſhoúld give me what Hónour he hath to beſtòw, or beſtòw on me what Wealth he hath to give; it coúld not ſtay with me, becáuſe it is tránſitory, nor I with it, becáuſe I am mórtal. Then

reviſe thy Affections and weigh them with their Object, and thou wilt either confeſs thy Folly, or make a wiſer Choice.

With three Sorts of Men enter into no ſerious Friendſhip: the ungrateſull Man: the multiloquious Man; the Coward: the firſt cannot prize thy Favours; the ſecond cannot keep thy Councel; the third dare not vindicate thy Honour.

God is Alpha and Oméga, in the greát World; make him ſo in the little World; make him thy Evening Epilogue, and thy Morning Prologue; practice to make him thy laſt Thought at Night, when thou goeſt to ſleep; and thy firſt Thought in the Morning, when thou awakeſt: ſo ſhall thy Fancy be ſanctified in the Night, and thy Underſtanding rectified in the Day; ſo ſhall thy Reſt be peacefull, thy Labours proſperous, thy Life pious, and thy Death glorious.

Natural Anger glances into the breaſts of wiſe Men, but reſts in the Boſom of Fools: in them it is Infirmity; in theſe, a Sin: there is a natural Anger: and there is a ſpiritual Anger; the common Object of that, is the Perſon; of this, his Vice; Be angry, but ſin not; He, that is always angry with his Sin, ſhall ſeldom ſin in his Anger.

When thou ſeeſt miſery in thy Brother's Face, let him ſee Mercy in thine Eye; the more the Oil of Mercy is pour'd on him by thy Pity, the more the Oil in thy Cruſe ſhall be encreaſed by thy Piety.

Read not Books alone, but Men, and amongſt them chiefly thy ſelf: if thou find any Thing queſtionable there, uſe the Commentary of a ſevére Friend, rather than the Gloſs of a ſweetlip'd Flatterer: there is more Profit in a diſtaſteful Truth, than in deceitful Sweetneſs.

Deliberate long, before thou conſecrate a Friend, and when thy impartial Judgement concludes him worthy of thy Boſom, receive him joyfully, and entertain him wiſely: impart thy ſecrets boldly, and mingle thy Thoughts with his. He is thy very ſelf, and uſe him ſo; if thou firmly

firmly think him fáithful, thóu mak'ſt him ſo.

* As there is no wórldly Gain, withóut ſome Loſs; ſo there is no wórldly Loſs withóut ſome Gain. If thou haſt loſt thy Wealth, thou haſt loſt ſome Troúble with it; if thou art degráded from thy Hónour, thou art likewiſe freed from the Stroak of Envy; if Sícknes hath blurr'd thy Beaúty, it has deliver'd thee from Pride; ſet the Allówance agáinſt the Loſs, and thou ſhalt find nó Loſs greát: He lóſes líttle, or nóthing, that reſérves himſélf.

If thou art rich, ſtrive to commánd thy Móny, leſt ſhe commánd thee, if thou knòw hów to uſe her, ſhe is thy Sérvant, if not, thou art her Slave.

So uſe Proſpérity, that Advérſity may not abúſe thee: if in the one, Secúrity admíts no Féars; in the óther, Deſpáir will afford no Hopes: He, that in Proſpérity can foretél a Dánger, can in Advérſity foreſée Delíverance.

If thy Faith have no Dóubts, thou haſt juſt Cauſe to doubt thy Faith; and if thy Dóubts have no Hope, thou haſt juſt Réaſon to féar Deſpáir; when thérefore thy Doubts ſhall éxerciſe thy Faith, keep thy Hopes firm to quálify thy Doubts; ſo ſhall thy Faith be ſecúred from Doubts: ſo ſhall thy Doubts be preſérved from Deſpáir.

If thou deſíre to be trúly váliant, féar to do ány Injury; He, that féars not to do Evil, is álways afráid to ſúffer Evil: He, that néver féars, is déſperate; and he, that féars álways, is a Cóward: He is the true váliant Man, that dares nóthing, but what he may, and féars nóthing, but what he óught.

If thou deſíre that inéſtimable Grace of ſáving Faith, detéſt that inſátiable Vice of dámnable Cóvetouſneſs: It is impóſſible one heárt (thòugh néver ſo doúble) ſhoúld lodge bòth: Faith poſſéſſes thee of what thou haſt not; Cóvetouſneſs diſpoſſéſſes thee of what thou haſt: Thou canſt not ſerve God, unléſs Mámmon ſerve thee.

He that profétſſes himſélf thy ópen Enemy, arms thee agáinſt the Evil he méans thee; but he that diſſémbles him-

himſélf thy ſécret Friénd, ſtrikes beyónd Cáution, and wóunds abóve Cure; from the firſt, thóu mayſt delíver thy ſelf: from the laſt, good Lord delíver thee.

Not to give to the Poor, is to take from him: not to feed the Húngry, if thóu haſt it, is the útmoſt of thy Pówer to kill him: That thérefore thóu may'ſt avoíd bòth Sácrilege and Múrther, be cháritable.

So óften as thóu remém-breſt thy Sins withóut Grief, ſo óften thóu repéateſt thoſe Sins for not griéving: He, that will not móurn for the Evil, which he hath done, gives Eárneſt for the Evil he méans to do: Nóthing can aſſwáge that Fire, which Sin hath made, but ónly that Wáter, which Repéntance hath drawn.

Look well befóre thóu léap ínto the Chair of Hónour: The hígher thóu clìmbeſt, the lòwer: thóu fálleſt: if Vértue prefér thee, Vértue will preſérve thee; if Gòld, or Fávour, advánce thee, thy Hónour is but pinn'd upón the Wheel of Fórtune: when the Wheel ſhall turn, thy Hónour falls, and thóu remáin'ſt an everláſting Mónument of thy òwn ambítious Fólly.

Thóu didſt nóthing towárds thy òwn Creátion, for thóu wert creáted for thy Creátor's glóry, Thóu muſt do ſómething towárds thy òwn Redémption, for thóu wert redeémed for thy òwn good: He, that made thee withóut thee, will not ſave thee withóut thee.

Gòld is Cæſar's Tréaſure, Man is God's: Thy Gòld hath Cæſar's Image, and thóu haſt God's: Give théreſore thoſe Things unto Cæſar, Which are Cæſar's; and thoſe things untó God, which are God's.

In the Commíſſion of Evil, féar no Man ſo much, as thy òwn ſelf: anóther is but one Witneſs agáinſt thee, thóu art a thóuſand: anóther thóu may'ſt avoíd, but thy ſelf thóu canſt not; Wickedneſs is it's òwn Púniſhment.

Let thy Recreátion be mánly, móderate, ſéaſonable, láwful; if thy Life be ſédentary, more ténding to the Exercíſe of thy Bódy; if áctive, more to the refréſhing of thy Mìnd: the Uſe of Recreátion, is to ſtréng-

then

then thy Lâbour, and ſweéten thy Reſt.

Take heed of that Hónour, which thy Wealth hath púrchaſed thee; for it is nèither láſting, nor thine òwn. What Móny creätes, Móny preſérves: if thy Wealth decáys, thy Hónour dies: it is but a ſlíppery Háppineſs, which Fórtunes can give, and Frówns can take; and not worth the òwning, which a Night's Fire can melt, or a roúgh Séa can drówn.

*Spend a húndred Yéars in Earth's beſt Pléaſures; add, áfter that, a húndred more, to which béing ſpent, add a thóuſand; and to that, ten thóuſand more; the laſt ſhall as súrely end, as the firſt are énded, and all ſhall be ſwállowed with Etérnity; He, that is born to day, is not ſure to live a Day; he, that hath líved the lóngeſt, is but as he, that was born yéſterday. The Háppineſs of the one is, that he hath liv'd; the háppineſs of the óther is, that he may live; and the Lot of bòth is, that they muſt die. It is no Háppineſs to live long, nor Unháppineſs to die ſoon: háppy is he, that hath liv'd long enoúgh to die well.

*Hath ány wrónged thee? Be brávely revéng'd: ſlight it, and the Work's begún; forgíve it, and 'tis fíniſh'd: he is belòw himſélf, that is not abóve an Injury.

In all the Céremonies of the Church, which remáin indífferent, do accórding to the Conſtitútion of that Church, where thóu art; The God of Order and Unity, who creäted bòth the Sòul and the Bódy, expécts Unity in the one, and Order in bòth.

Let the Fóundátion of thy Affection be Vértue, then make the Búilding as rich, and as glórious, as thóu canſt: if the Foundátion be Beaúty, or Wealth, and the Búilding Vértue; the Foundátion is too wéak for the Búilding, and it will fall; háppy is he, the Pálace of whoſe Affection is fóunded upón Vértue, wall'd with Ríches, glàz'd with Beaúty, and roof'd with Hónour.

The Birds of the Air die to ſuſtáin thee, the Béaſts of the Fiéld die to noúriſh thee; the Fíſhes of the Séa die

die to feed thee. Our Stómachs are their cómmon Sepúlcher. Good God, with hów mány Deaths are óur poor Lives patch'd up! Hów full of death is the míſerable Life of mómentary Man!

In ſeéking Vértue, if thóu find Póverty, be not aſhámed: the Fault is none of thine. Thy Hónour, or Dishónour, is purcháſed by thy òwn Actions. Thòugh Vértue give a rágged Lívery, ſhe gives a gòlden Cógnizance: If her Sérvice make thee poor, bluſh not. Thy Póverty may diſadvántage thee, but not dishónour thee.

Take no Pléaſure in the Fólly of an Idiot, nor in the Fáncy of a Lúnatick, nor in the Frénſy, of a Drúnkard. Make them the Object of thy Píty, not of thy Páſtime; when thou behòld'ſt them, behòld, hów thóu art behòlding to him, that ſúffered thee not to be like them. There is no Dífference betweén thee and them, but God's Fávour.

Uſe Law and Phyſick ònly for Necéſſity: they that uſe them ótherwiſe, abúſe themſélves ínto wéak Bódies, and light Púrſes: they are good Rémedies, bad Búſineſſes, and worſe Recréations.

If thóu art call'd to the Dignity of a Prieſt, the ſame voice calls thee to the Hónour of a Judge; if thy Life and Dóctrine be good, thóu ſhalt judge óthers; if thy Dóctriné be good, and thy Life bad, ònly thy ſelf: if bóth be good, thóu téacheſt thy Péople to 'eſcápe condemnátion: if this be good, and that bad, thóu téacheſt God to condémn thee.

If thóu deſire the Háppineſs of thy Sòul, the Health of thy Bódy, the Proſpérity of thy Eſtáte, the preſervátion of thy Crédit, convérſe not with a Hárlot; her Eyes run thy Reputátion in Debt; her Lips demánd the Páyment; her Breaſts arréſt thee; her Arms impríſon thee, from whence, beliéve it, thóu ſhalt hárdly get fòrth, till thóu haſt èither énded thé days of thy Crédit, or pay'd the útmoſt Fárthing of thy Eſtáte.

If thóu haſt an Eſtáte, and a Son to inhérit it, keep him not too ſhort, leſt he think thóu líveſt too long:

What

what thóu allóweſt him, let him recéive from thy Hand, as a Gift, not from thy Ténants, as Rent: keep the Rèins of thy Eſtáte in thy òwn Hand, leſt, thóu forſáking the Sóveraignty of a Fáther, he forgét the Réverence of a Child: let his Líberty be gróunded on thy Permíſſion; and keep him withín the Cómpaſs of thy Inſtrúction: let him feel, thóu haſt the Curb, thòugh Occáſion urge thee not to check. Give him the Choice of his òwn Wife, if he be wiſe. Cóunſel his Affection, ráther than croſs it, if thóu beeſt wiſe, leſt his Márriage-bed be made in ſécret, or depénd upón thy Grave. If he be gíven to bad Cómpany, endéavour to ſtave him off with láwfull Recrëátions; be chéarfull with him: that he may love thy Préſence; and wink at ſmall Faults, that thóu mayſt gain him: be not álways chíding, leſt thóu hárden him, nèither knit thy Brów too óften, leſt thóu diſheárten him: remémber, the Diſcrétion of a Fáther, oft-tímes prevénts the Deſtrúction of a Child.

Móny is bòth the Generátion and Corrúption of púrchas'd Hónour. Hónour is bòth the Child and Slave of pótent Móny; the Crédit, which Hónour hath loſt, Móny hath fóund; when Hónour grew mércenary, Móny grew hónourable The Way to be trúly nóble, is to contémn bòth.

Hath ány wóunded thee with Injuries? meet them with Pátience; háſty Words wránkle the Wóund, ſoft Lánguage dréſſes it: Forgíveneſs cures it, and Oblívion takes a-wáy the Scar. It is more nóble, by Sílence to avoíd an Injury, than by Argument to óvercome it.

Be not inſtáble in thy Reſolútions, not várious in thy Actions, nor incónſtant in thy Affections: ſo delíberate, that thóu may'ſt perfórm; ſo perfórm, that thóu may'ſt perſevére: Mutabílity is the Badge of Infírmity.

Woúldſt thóu tráffick with the beſt Advántage, and crówn thy Véntures with the beſt Retúrn; Make the Poor thy Chápman, and thy Purſe thy Fáctor: So ſhalt thóu give Trífles, which thóu coúld'ſt not keep, to

recéive Tréasures, which thóu canst not lose: There's no such Mérchant, as the chári-table Man.

Love thy Nèighbour for God's sake, and God for his òwn sake, who créäted all things for thy sake, and redeémed thee for his Mércy's sake: If thy Love have ány óther Object, it is false Love; If thy Object have ány óther End, it is Self-Love.

Let thy Conversátion with Men, be sóber and sincére; let thy Devótion to God be dútiful and décent: Let the one be heárty, and not háughty; let the óther be húmble, and not hómely: So live with Men, as if God saw thee; so pray to God, as if Men heard thee.

In thy Discòurse take heed what thóu spéakest, to whom thóu spéakest, hów thóu spéakest, and when thóu spéakest: what thóu spéakest spéak trúly; when thóu spéakest, spéak wísely. A Fool's Heárt is in his Tongue; but a wise Man's Tongue is in his Heárt.

If thóu woúldst presérve a sóund Bódy, use fásting and wálking; if a héalthful Sòul, fásting and práying; wálking exercises the Body; praying éxercises the Sòul, fásting cléanses bòth.

Desír'st thóu Knòwledge? knòw the End of thy Desíre: Is it ònly to knòw? Then it is Curiósity: Is it becáuse thóu mayst be knòwn? then 'tis Vánity: If, becáuse thóu mayst édifie, it is Chárity; If, becáuse thóu mayst be édifi'd, is is Wísdom. That Knòwledge turns to meer Excrement, that hath not some Health of Wísdom to digést it.

Wísdom withóut Innocency is Knávery; Innocency withóut Wísdom is Fóolery; be thérefore as wise, as Sérpents, and Innocent, as Doves: the Súbtilty of the Sérpent instrúcts the Innocency of the Dove: The Innocency of the Dove the súbtilty of the Sérpent: what God hath joyn'd togéther, let no Man séparate.

Hath Fórtune dealt thee ill Cards? let Wísdom make thee a Good Gámester: in a fair Gale évery Fool may sail, but wise Behávíour in a Storm comménds the Wísdom of a Pílot: to beár Advérsity with an équal Mìnd.

Mînd, is bòth the Sìgn and Glóry of a brave Spírit.

Conſíder what thóu wert, what thóu art, what thóu ſhalt be: What's abóve thee, what's benéath thee, what's agáinſt thee; what was befóre thee, what ſhall be áfter thee; and this will bring to thy ſelf Humílity, to thy Nèighbour Chárity, to the World Contémpt, to thy God Obédience; He, that knòws not himſélf póſitively, cánnot knòw himſélf relátively.

If béing a Mágiſtrate, thóu conniveſt at Vice, thóu noúriſheſt it: if thóu ſpáreſt it, thóu commítteſt it: What is not by thee púniſht in óthers, is made púniſhable in thee. He, that fávours préſent Evils, entáils them upón his Poſtérity: he, that excúſes the Guílty, condémns the Innocent.

Deméan thy ſelf more wárily in thy Stúdy, than in the Street: If thy públick Actions have a húndred Witneſſes, thy prívate have a thóuſand. The Múltitude looks but upón thy Actions, thy Cónſcience looks ínto them: the Múltitude may chance to excúſe thee, if not acquít thee; thy Cónſcience will accúſe thee, if not condémn thee.

If thy Sin troúble thee, let that Troúble cómfort thee; as Pléaſure in the Remémbrance of Sin exáſperates Júſtice; ſo Sórrow in the Repéntance of Sin móllifies Mércy: it is leſs Dánger to commít the Sin we delíght in, than to delíght in the Sin we have commítted; and more Joy is prómis'd to Repéntance, than to Innocency.

Conſíder not ſo much what thóu haſt, as what óthers want; what thóu haſt, take heed thóu loſe not; what thóu haſt not, take heed thóu cóvet not. If thóu haſt mány abóve thee, turn thy Eye upón thoſe, that are únder thee: if thóu haſt no Infériours, have Pátience a while, and thóu ſhalt have no Supériours. The Grave requíres no Márſhal.

If the wícked floúriſh, and thóu ſúffer, diſcoúrage not: they are fátted for Deſtrúction, thóu art díëted for Health; they have no óther Héaven but the Hopes of a long Earth; thóu haſt nó-

nóthing on Earth, but the Hopes of a quick Héaven: If there were no Joúrney's End, the trávelling of a Chriſtian woúld be mòſt cómfortleſs.

Take heed thóu hárbour not that Vice call'd Envy, leſt anóther's Háppineſs be thy Tórment, and God's Bléſſing becóme thy Curſe: Vértue corrúpted with vain Glóry, turns Pride: Pride póiſon'd with Malice, becomes Envy join thérefore Humílity with thy Vértue, and Pride ſhall have no foóting, and Envy ſhall find no Entrance.

The two Knòwledges of God, and thy ſelf, are the hìgh Way to thy Salvátion: that breeds in thee a fílial Love; this a fílial Féar. The Ignorance of thy ſelf is the Begínning of all Sin; and the Ignorance of God, is the Perféction of all Evil.

Ráther do nóthing to the púrpoſe, than be ídle, that the Dévil may find thee dóing. The Bird, that fits, is éaſily ſhot, when Flíers 'ſcape the Fówler. Idleneſs is the dead Séa, that ſwállows all Vértues, and the ſelf-made Sepúlcher of a líving Man. The ídle Man is the Dévils Híreling, whoſe Lívery is Rags, whoſe Díet and Wáges are Fámine and Diſéaſes.

With the ſame Heìght of Deſíre thóu haſt ſínn'd, with the like Depth of Sórrow thóu muſt repent: Thóu haſt ſínn'd to Day, defér not thy Repéntance 'till to mórrow: he, that hath prómiſed párdon to thy Repéntance, hath not prómiſed Life, 'till thóu repént.

Take heed hów thóu recéiveſt Praiſe from Men: from good Men, nèither avoíd it, nor glóry in it. From évil Men, nèither deſíre it, nor expéct it. To be práiſed of them, that are évil, or for that, which is évil, is équal Dishónour: He is háppy in his Worth, who is práiſed by the good, and ímitated by the bad.

Doſt thóu want Things néceſſary? Grúmble not: Perchánce it was a néceſſary Thing thóu ſhoúldſt want: Endéavour láwfully to ſupply it; if God bleſs not thy Endéavour, bleſs him, that knòweth what is fítteſt for thee: Thóu art God's Pátient, Preſcríbe not thy Phyſícian.

If

If thóu expéct Death as a Friend, prepáre to entertáin it: if thóu expéct Death as an Enemy, prepáre to óvercome it; Death has no Advántage, but when it comes a Stránger.

God has ſent thee a Croſs; take it up and fóllow him: uſe it wiſely, leſt it be unprófitable; beár it pátiently, leſt it be intólerable; behòld in it Gods Anger agáinſt Sin, and his Love towárds thee, in púniſhing the one, and chaſtízing the óther; if it be lìght, ſlìght it not; if héavy, múrmur not: not to be ſénſible of Júdgement, is the Symptom of a hárdned Heárt; and to be diſpléas'd at His pléaſure, is a Sìgn of a rebéllious Will.

If thóu deſíre to be magnánimous, undertáke nóthing ráſhly, and féar nóthing thóu underták'ſt: féar nóthing but Infamy: dare ány thing but Injury; the Méaſure of Magnánimity, is nèither to be raſh, nor tímerous.

Be not púnctual in táking Place, if he be thy Supériour, 'tis his due; if thy Inférìour, 'tis his Dishónour: it is thóu muſt hónour thy Place; the Place not thee. It is a poor Rewárd of Worth, that conſíſts in a rìght Hand, or a brick Wall

Inſúlt not óver Míſery, nor deríde Infírmity, nor deſpíſe Defórmity. The firſt ſhòws thy Inhumánity; the ſécond thy Fólly; the third, thy Pride: he, that made him míſerable, made thee háppy to lamént him: he, that made him wéak, made thee Strong to ſuppórt him: he, that made him defórm'd, gave thee fávour to be húmbled: he that is not ſénſible of an Other's Unháppineſs, is a líving Stone; but he, that makes Míſery the Object of his Tríumph, is an incárnate Dévil.

Praiſe no Man too líberally befóre his Face, nor cénſure him too láviſhly behínd his Back; the one ſávours of Fláttery, the óther, of Málice, and bóth are reprehénſible: the true Way to advánce anóther's Vertue, is to fóllow it: and the beſt Méans to cry dówn anóthers Vice, is to decline it.

If thóu gíveſt to recéive the like, it is Exchánge; if to recéive more, it is Cóve-

Cóvetousneſs; if to recéive Thanks, it is Vánity; if to be ſeen, it is vain Glóry; if to corrúpt, it is Brîbery; if for Exámple, it is formálity; if for Compáſſion, it is Chárity; if becáuſe thóu art commánded, it is Obédience. Affection in dóing the Work, gives a Name to the Work done.

If the Knòwledge of Good, whet thy Deſire to Good, it is a háppy Knòwledge; if by thy Ignorance of Evil, thóu art ſurpríz'd with Evil, it is an unháppy Ignorance. Háppy is he, that hath ſo much Knòwledge of Good, as to deſire it, and but ſo much Knòwledge of Evil, as to féar it.

In cívil things fóllow the mòſt; in Mátters of Relígion, the féweſt; in all Things fóllow the beſt: So ſhall thy Ways be pléaſing to God; ſo ſhall thy Beháviour be pláuſible with Men.

If Opínion hath líghted the Lamp of thy Name, endéavour to encoúrage it with thy òwn Oyl, leſt it go óut and ſtink. The Chrónical Diſéaſe of Populárity is Shame. If thóu be once up, beware: From Fame to Infamy is a béaten Road.

Cleanſe thy mórning Sòul with prívate and due Devótions; 'till then admít no Búſineſs: the firſt born of thy Thóughts are God's, and not thine, but by Sácrilege: think thy ſelf not réady, 'till thóu haſt prais'd him, and he will be álways réady to bleſs thee.

In all thy Actions think God ſees thee; and in all his Actions lábour to ſee him: that will make thee féar him, this will move thee to love him. The Féar of God is the begínning of Knòwledge, and the Knòwledge of God is Perfection of Love.

Make Uſe of Time, if thóu lov'ſt Etérnity: knòw, yéſterday cánnot be recáll'd, to mórrow cánnot be aſſúred; to day is ònly thine; which if thóu procráſtinate, thóu lóſeſt; which loſt, is loſt for éver.

Wórſhip God with Care and Réverence, and with a Sincérity of Heárt void of Hypócriſy or Oſtentátion: Not as if that Divíne Name and Pówer were ónly an Invéntion, to frìght Wómen and Children, but knòw, that

that God is Omnipreſent, True and Almighty.

Have a Care éven of yoúr mòſt Private Actions and Thóughts, for God ſees thórough yoú, and yoúr Cónſcience will beár Wítneſs agáinſt yoú.

It is accórding to Prúdence, as well as Náture, to pay that Hónour to yoúr Párents that yoú expéct yoúr Children ſhoúld pay to yoú.

Do all the Good yoú can to all Men, but in the firſt Place to yoúr néareſt Kelátions, and do no Hurt hówever, where yoú can do no Good.

Keep a Guard upón yoúr Words as well as upón yoúr Actions, that there be no Impúrity in èither.

Fóllow the Dictates of yoúr Réaſon, and yoú are ſafe; and have a Care of ímpotent Affections.

Apply yoúr ſelf to leárn more, ſo long as there's ány Thing left that yoú do not knòw, and válue good Cóunſel befóre Móny.

Our Minds muſt be cúltivated as well as óur Plants The Impróvement of óur Réaſon makes us like Angels, whereás the Negléct of it turns us into Béaſts.

There is no pérmanent and inviolable Good, but Wíſdom and Vírtue, tho' the Stúdy of it ſignifies líttle withóut the Práctice.

Do not think it impóſſible to be a wiſe Man, withóut loóking ſóur upón it. Wisdom makes Men ſevére, but not inhúman.

It is Vírtue not to be vítious.

Keep Faith with all Men. Have a care of a Lye, as yoú woúld of Sácrilege. Greát Bábblers have no Regárd èither to Hónesty or Truth.

Take Delíght in, and frequént the Cómpany of good Men, for it will give yoú a Tincture of their Mánners too.

Take heed of that vúlgar Error, of thínking that there is ány Good in Evil. It is a Miſtáke when Men talk of prófitable Knávery, or of ſtárving Hónesty; for Vírtue and Júſtice cárry all that is Good and prófitable alóng with them.

Let évery Man mìnd his òwn Búſineſs, for Curiósity is réſtleſs.

Spéak

Spéak ill of no Bódy, and yoú are no more to héar Calúmnies than to repórt them: Beſíde that, they that práctiſe the one, cómmonly love the óther.

Propóſe hóneſt Things, fóllow whóleſome Cóunſels, and léave the Evént to God.

Let no Man deſpáir in Advérſity, nor preſúme in Proſpérity, for all Things are chángeable.

Riſe eárly to yoúr Búſineſs, leárn good Things, and oblíge good Men; Theſe are three Things yoú ſhall néver repént of.

Have a Care of Lúxery and Glúttoning; but of Drúnkenneſs eſpécially; for Wine and ſtrong Líquors as well as Age makes a Man a Child.

Watch for Opportúnities of dóing things, for there's nóthing well done but what's done in Séaſon.

Love and Hónour Kings, Prínces, and Mágiſtrates, for they are the Bands of Socíety, in Púniſhing of the Guílty, and Protécting the Innocent.

He that's indúſtrious in an hóneſt Cálling, ſhall néver fail of a Bléſſing. 'Tis the Part of a wiſe Man to prefér Things néceſſary befóre Mátters of Curiósity, Ornament, or Pléaſure.

It is belòw the Dígnity of a greát Mìnd to entertáin Cónteſts with Péople that have néither Quálity nor Coúrage; Beſide the Fólly of conténding with a míſerable Wretch, where the véry Competítion is a Scándal.

He that fóllows Náture is néver óut of his Way; and that which is beſt for évery Man, is fitteſt for him too. He does it with Eaſe and Succeſs, whereás all Imitátion is pútid, and ſérvile.

Nóthing but the Cónſcience of a Vírtuous Life can make Death éaſy to us; wherefore there's no trúſting to the Diſtráction of an agonizing and a Death-bed Repéntance.

Wiſe Men réad Effécts in thèir Cáuſes, but Fools will not beliéve them 'till 'tis too late to prevént the Míſchief.

Tis a dángerous Thing for Péople to call in a pówerful and ambítious Man for their Protécter: and upón the Clámour of here and there a prívate Pérſon, to házard the whole Commúnity.

There are no Snares ſo dán-

dángerous as thoſe that are laid for us únder the Name of good Offices.

It may ſerve as a Cómfort to us in all óur Afflictions, that he that lóſes ány Thing and gets Wísdom by it, is a gáiner by the Loſs.

It is a chríſtian, a nátural, réaſonable, and a polítical Dúty, for all Mémbers of the ſame Bódy to aſſíſt one anóther.

Revénge ſtops at Nóthing that's víolent and wícked: it divídes the déareſt Friends; embroíls Góvernments, and teárs Fámilies to piéces.

To flátter foóliſh Men ínto a Hope of Life where there is none at all, is much the ſame Thing with Betráying Péople ínto an Opínion, that they are in a vírtuous, and háppy State, when they are overún with Páſſion, and drówned in thèir Luſts.

There is Nóthing ſo fierce, or ſo ſávage, but Love will ſóften it; Nóthing ſo géneróus, but it will debáuch it; Nóthing ſo ſhárp ſighted in óther Mátters, but it thròws a Míſt befóre the Eyes on't.

Put Nóthíng to házard that may be ſecúred by Indúſtry, Conſiderátion, or Circumſpéction.

There's no reſíſting of firſt Mótions; but upón ſecónd Thóughts we come imméditately to óur ſelves agáin.

A good Underſtánding is a Bléſſing ínfinitely beyónd all extérnal Beaúties.

MORAL FABLES.

I. A *Lïön* and a *Móuſe.*

Upón the róaring of a Béaſt in the Wood, a Móuſe ran préſently óut to ſee what News: and what was it, but a Líön hámpered in a Net! This Accident bróught to her Mìnd, hów that ſhe herſélf, but ſome few Days befóre, had fall'n únder the Paw of a cértain génerous Líön, that let her go agáin. Upón a ſtrict Enquíry ínto the Mátter, ſhe fóund this to be that véry Líön, and ſo ſet herſélf préſently to work upón the Coúplings of the Net; gnaw'd the Threads to Piéces, and in Grátitude delívered her Preſérver.

The Móral.

Withóut good Náture, and Grátitude, Men had as good live in a Wilderneſs as in a Sociëty. There is no Súbject ſo inconſiderable, but his Prince, at ſome Time or óther, may have Occáſion for him, and it hòlds throúgh the whole Scale of the Créätion, that the Greát and the Líttle have Need one of anóther.

II. An *old Dog* and his *Máſter.*

An òld Dog, that in his Yoúth had led his Máſter mány a mérry Chaſe, and done him all the Offices of a trúſty Sérvant, came at laſt, upón fálling from his Speed and Vígor, to be lóaden at évery turn with Blòws, and Repróaches for it. Why, Sir, (ſays the Dog) My Will is as good as éver it was; but my Strength and my Teeth are gone; and yóu might with as good a Grace, and évery Jot as much Júſtice, hang me up becáuſe I'm *òld*, as béat me becáuſe I'm *ímpotent*.

Moral. *The Reward of Affëction and Fidélity muſt be the Work of anóther World: Not but that the Cónſcience of Well-dóing is a Cómfort that may paſs for a Récompence éven in this; in Deſpíte of Ingrátitude and Injúſtice.*

III. A *Fówler* and a *Bláck-Bird.*

As a Fówler was bénding his Net, a Bláck-Bird call'd to him at a Díſtance, and aſk'd him what he was dóing. Why, ſays he, I am láying the Foundátion of a Cíty; and ſo the Bird-Man drew

óut

óut of Sight. The Bláck-Bird miſtrúſting Nóthing, flew préſently to the Bait in the Net, and was táken; and as the Man came rúnning to lay hòld of her; Friend, ſays the Poor Bláck-Bird, if this be yoúr Way of Buíl-ding, yoú'll have but few In-hábitants.

Móral. *There is no Sham ſo groſs, but it will paſs upón a Wéak Man that is pragmá-tical, and inquiſitive.*

IV. A *Shépherd* turn'd *Mérchant.*

A Coúntry-Man was feéding his Flock by the Séa-Side, and it was ſo délicate a fine Day, that the Smoóthneſs of the Wáter témpted him to léave his Shépherd's Bús'neſs and ſet up for a Mérchant. So that in all Haſte, he puts off his Stock; buys a Bárgain, of Figs; gets his Fréight abóard, and awáy préſently to Séa. It háppened to be véry fóul Wéather: So that the Máriners were fain to caſt thèir whole Láding over-bóard, to ſave themſélves and the Véſſel. Upón this Miscárriage, óur new Mér-chant-Advénturer betoók himſélf to his òld Trade agáin; and it háppened one Day, as he was ténding his Sheep upón the véry ſame Cóaſt, to be juſt ſuch a flát-tering témpting Séa agáin, as that which betráy'd him befóre: Yes, yes, ſays he, when the Dévil's Blínd! Yoú'd ha'ſome more Figs with a Véngeance, woú'd ye?

Móral. *Men may be háp-py in all Eſtátes if they will but ſúit thèir Minds to thèir Condition. A Shépherd may be as éaſy in a Cóttage, as a Prince in a Pálace, with a Mind ſúited to his Státion; but if they will be láunching óut into Trade, or Bús'neſs that they do not underſtánd, they have Nóthing left them to truſt to when they are once bewílder'd, but the hope of ſome kind Próvidence to put them in the right Way home agáin.*

V. A *Fox* that had loſt his *Tail.*

There was a Fox táken in a Trap, that was glad to compóund for his Neck by léaving his Tail behínd him. It was ſo uncoúth a Sight, for a Fox to appéar withóut a Tail, that the véry Thóught on't made him e'en wéary of

his Life; for 'twas a Loss never to be repair'd: But however for the better Countenance of the Scándal, he got the Máster and Wárdens of the Fóxes Cómpany to call a Coùrt of Assistants, where himself appéar'd and made a learned Discòurse upon the Troúble, Uselessness, and the Indécency of Fóxes Weáring Tails. He had no soóner say'd out his Say, but up ríses a cúnning Snap, then at the Bóard, who desíred to be infórmed, whéther the wórthy Mémber that mov'd agáinst the weáring of Tails, gave him Advíce, for the Advántage of those that had Tails, or to pálliate the Defórmity and Disgráce of those that had none.

Móral. *When a Man has ány nótable Defect, or Infírmity abóut him, whéther by Náture, or by Chance, 'tis the best of his Play to try the Húmour, if he can turn it into a Fáshion, and when he has cárry'd a Point as far as it will go, and can make no more on't, 'tis a Stroke of Art and Philósophy, to look as if he did not so much as Wish for a Thing that is not to be had.*

VI. A *Fisherman* and his *Pipe.*

A Físherman that understóod Píping bétter than Nétting laid him self dówn upón the side of a Ríver, and toúched his Flute, but not a Físh came néar him. Upón this, he laid dówn his Pipe and cast his Net, which bróught him a véry great Dráught. The Físh fell a Frísking in the Net, and the Físherman obsérving it, What Sotts are these, says he, that woúld not dance when I play'd to'em, and will be dáncing nów withóut Músic!

Moral. *There are cértain Rules and Méthods for the Dóing of all Things in this World; and thérefore let évery Man stick to the Búsiness he understánds, or was bróught up to, withóut making one Profession interfére with anóther. There is álso a próper Time and Séason for évery Thing; and Nóthing can be more ridículous than the Dóing of Things withóut a due Regárd to the Circumstances of Pérsons, Propórtion, Time and Place.*

VII. *Death* and an *Old Man.*

An òld Man that had trávell'd a greát Way únder a huge Búrden of Sticks fóund him-

himſelf ſo wéary, that he caſt it dówn, and cálled upón Death to delíver him from a more míſerable Life. Death came préſently at his Call, and áſked him his Bús'neſs. Pray good Sir, ſays he: take Píty of an òld Man, and help me up with my Búrden agáin.

Móral. *Men call upón Death, as théy do upón the Dévil: when he comes they're afráid of him, and wiſh him heártily awáy agáin.*

VIII. A *Cat* and *Mice*.

There was a Hóuſe míghtily troúbled with Mice, and a notable Cat there was, that Time áfter Time had pick'd up ſo mány of them, that they agreéd amóng themſélves to keep abóve in the Ciéling; for they fóund that upón the plain Flòòr there was no líving for'em. This ſpoil'd poor Púſs's Spòrt, unléſs ſhe coúld fìnd a way to trepán them dówn agáin. So ſhe léapt up to a Pin that was dríven into the Wall, and there hung like a Póle-Cat in a Wárren, to amúſe them. The Mice táking Nótice of this rejoíced heártily, and were góing to thèir old Habitátion, but were ſúddenly withhéld by an old grey béarded Móuſe, that ſmók'd Puſs's Deſígn, and Stretchìng óut his Neck, to leárn the Truth of the Mátter, ſoon fóund hów 'twas Ah, ſays he alóud, yoú may hang there till yoúr Heárt akes withín yoú; for if yoú were but a Diſh-Clóut, as yoú are counterféiting Knave of a Cat, heres not à Créature will come néar yoú.

Moral. *Let no Man lay himſélf at the Mêrcy of a knòwn Enemy únder ány ſhèw or Preténce whatſoéver; for he fórfeits his Diſcrètion, éven thoùgh he ſhoúld hâppen to ſave his Cárcaſs, and his Fórtune.*

IX. A *Boy* and a *Snake*.

A Boy was gróping for Eels, and laid his Hand upón a Snake, but the Snake, fínding it was pure Simplícity, and not Málice, admóniſh'd him of his Miſtáke; Keep yoúr ſelf well while yoú are well, ſays the Snake; for if you méddle with me, yoú'll catch a Tártar, and have Cauſe to repént yoúr Bárgain.

Móral. *'Tis the' Inténtion, mórally Spéaking, that makes the Action good or bad, and éven*

éven Brutes themſélves will put a Difference betwixt Harms of ill Will and Miſchánce.

X. A *Fówler* and a *Pártridge.*

A Fówler had táken a Pártridge, and the Bird óffer'd herſélf to decóy as mány of her Compánions ínto the Snare as ſhe coúld, upón Condítion that he woúld give her Quárter. No, ſays he, yoú ſhall dye the ráther for that véry Réaſon, becáuſe yoú woúld be ſo báſe as to betráy yoúr Friends to ſave yourſélf.

Móral. *Of all ſcándalous and lewd Offices, that of a Tráytor is cértainly the báſeſt for it undermínes the véry Foundátions of Society.*

XI. A *Hare* and a *Tórtoiſe.*

What a dull héavy Créature, ſays a Hare, is this ſame Tórtoiſe! And yet, ſays the Tórtoiſe, I'll run with yoú for a Wáger. 'Twas done and done, and the Fox, by Conſént, was to be the Judge. They ſtárted togéther, and the Tórtoiſe kept jógging on ſtill 'till he came to the End of the Còurſe. The Hare lay'd himſélf dówn abóut Mid-Way, and took a Nap; for, ſays he, I can fetch up the Tórtoiſe when I pléaſe: But he overſlépt himſélf it ſeems, for when he came to wake, thòugh he ſcúdded awáy as faſt as his Heels woúld cárry him, yet the Tórtoiſe got to the Pòſt befóre him, and won the Wáger.

Móral. *Up and be dóing, is an édifying Text; for Action is the Buſineſs of Life, and there's no Thóught of éver cóming to the End of óur Jóurney in Time, if we ſleep by the Way.*

XII. Two *Frogs* that *wánted* Wáter.

Upón the drying up of a Lake, two Frogs were fòrced to quit, and to ſeek for Wáter elſewhére. As they were upón the Seárch, they diſcóvered a véry deep Well. Come, ſays one to t'óther, let us éen go dówn here, withóut lóoking ány fúrther. Yoú ſay well, ſays her Compánion; but what if the Wáter ſhoúld fail us here too! hów ſhall we get óut agáin.

Móral. *Húſty Reſolútions are ſéldom fórtunate, and it is a Piece of néceſſary Prúdence for a Man, befóre he reſólves*

ány

ány Thing, to conſider what may be the cónſequence of it 'Tis good Advíce to look befóre yoú léap.

XIII. A *Dog* and a *Cock* upón a Joúrney.

A Dog and a Cock took a Joúrney togéther. The Dog kénnell'd in the Bódy of a hóllow Tree, and the Cock róoſted at Nìght upón the Bóughs. The Cock cròw'd abóut Mídnìght, at his úſual Hóur, which bróught a Fox that was abroád upón the hunt, immédiately to the Tree; and there he ſtood lícking of his Lips, at the Cock, and whéedling him to get him dówn. He protéſted he néver héard ſo angélical a Voìce ſince he was born, what woúld not he do nów, to hug the Créature that had gíven him ſo ádmirable a Serenáde! Pray, ſays the Cock, ſpéak to the Pórter belòw to ópen the Dòòr, and I'll come dówn to ye: The Fox, not ſuſpécting ány Fraud, did as he was diréćted, and the Dog, who had wáited 'till nów, préſently ſéized and wórry'd him.

XIV. A *Wolf* and a *Kid.*

A Wolf ſpy'd óut a ſtrágling Kid, and purſú'd him. The Kid fóund that the Wolf was too nímble for him, and ſo turn'd and tòld him: I percéive I am to be éaten, and I woúld die as pléaſantly as I coúld: whérefore, pray, ſéeing I knòw of yoúr greát Skill in Múſic, give me but one Toúch of yoúr Pipe befóre I go to Pot. The Wolf play'd, and the Kid friſk'd it, 'till the Sóund of the Pipe bróught the Shépherd's Dogs in upón him. Well, ſays the Wolf, this 'tis when Péople will be médling óut of their Profeſſion. My Bús'neſs was to play the Bútcher, not the Píper.

The Móral of the two Fábles abóve. *The main Bús'neſs of the World is Nóthing but Shárping, and pútting Tricks upón one anóther by Turns, and when a cráfty Knave is infátuated, ány ſilly Wretch may put Tricks upón him; whérefore let none preſúme too much on his òwn Strength, èither of Bódy or Mind; but conſider within himſélf, that Héaven takes Part with the Oppréſſed; and that*

that! Tyrants themſélves are upón their Beháviour to a ſupériour Pówer.

XV. A *Bat, a Brámble* and a *Córmorant.*

A Bat, a Brámble, and a Córmorant, éntred ínto Cóvenants with Articles, to join Stocks, and trade in Pártnerſhip togéther. The Bat's Advénture was réady Móney that he took up at Intereſt; the Brámble's, was in Clòaths, and the Córmorant's in Braſs. They put to Séa, and ſo it fell óut, that Ship and Goods were bòth loſt by Streſs of Wéather: But the three Mérchants by próvidence got ſafe to Land. Since the Time of this Miscárriage, the Bat néver ſtirs abroád 'till Nìght, for Féar of his Créditors. The Brámble lays hòld of all the Clòaths he can come at, in Hope to lìght upón his òwn agáin: and the Córmorant is ſtill ſáuntering by the Séa-ſide to ſee if he can fìnd ány of his Braſs caſt up.

Moral. *The Impréſſion of ány Nótable Misfórtune will cómmonly ſtick by a Man as long as he lives; the ſame may be remárked of ill Hábits and Cúſtoms.*

XVI. Two *Trávellers* and *Próvidence.*

There were two Men togéther upón a Joúrney, of véry díffering Húmours; one of them went ſlúgging on, with a thóuſand Cares and Troúbles in his Head, excláiming óver and óver, Lord, what ſhall I do to live! T'óther jógged mérrily awáy, and left his Mátters to Próvidence and Good Fórtune; well Bróther, ſays the ſórrowful Wìght, Hów can yoú be ſo frólick nów? As I am a Sínner, my Heárt's e'en réady to breák for Féar I ſhoúld want Bréad. Come, come ſays t'óther, fall Back, fall Edge, the Reſolútion's táken, and my Mìnd's at Reſt. What Reſolútion, ſays his Compánion? why a Reſolútion, ſays he, to make the beſt Shift I can, and commít my ſélf to Héaven for the Reſt. Ay, but for all that, ſays t'óther agáin, I have knòwn as réſolute Péople as yourſélf, that their Cónfidence has decéived them in the Conclúſion; and ſo the poor Man fell into anó-

ther

ther Fit of Dóubting and Múſing, 'till he ſtárted óut of it all on a ſúdden; Good Lord, ſays he, what if I ſhoúld fall blínd! And ſo he walk'd a good Way befóre his Compánion with his Eyes ſhut, to try hów 't woúld be, if that Misfórtune ſhoúld befál him. In this *Interim* his Féllow-Tráveller, that fól-low'd him, fóund a Purſe of Móney upón the Way, which made good his Dóctrine of léaving Things to Próvidence; whereás the óther miſs'd that Encóunter, as a Púniſhment of his Diſtrúſt; for the Purſe had been his, if he had not put himſélf óut of Condition of ſéeing it.

Móral. *He that commits himſélf to Próvidence, is ſure of a Friend in time of Need; While an ánxious Diſtrúſt of the Divíne Góodneſs makes a Man more and more unwórthy of it; and míſerable befóre-hand, for féar of béing ſo áfterward.*

XVII. An *Ape* and a *Dólphin.*

Péople were úſed in the Days of òld, to cárry gáme-ſom Púppies and Apes with 'em tó Séa, to paſs awáy the Time withál; Nów there was one of theſe Apes, it ſeems, a-bóard a Véſſel that was caſt awáy in a véry greát Storm. As the Men were pádling for their Lives, and Mr. Ape for Cómpany, a cértain Dólphin that took him for a Lad, got him upón his Back, and was máking towárds Land with him. He had him ínto a ſafe Róad cál-led the *Pyræus*, and took Occáſion to aſk the Ape whé-ther he was an *Athénian* or not? He tòld him Yes, and of a véry áncient Fámily there. Why then ſays the Dól-phin, yoú knòw *Pyræus*. Oh! excéedingly well ſays t'óther, táking it for the Name of a Man, why *Pyræus* is my véry partícular good Friend. The Dólphin upón this, had ſuch an Indignátion of the buffoón Ape, that he gave him the Slip from betwéen his Legs, and there was an End of my very good Friend, the *Athé-nian.*

Moral. *Brágging, Lying, and Preténding, has coſt mány a Man his Life and Eſtáte.*

XVIII. A *Swállow* and a *Cròw.*

Upón a Diſpúte betwíxt a Swállow and a Cròw, which was the greáter Beaúty of

the two: Yoúrs, ſays the Cròw, is ònly a ſpring-Beaúty, but mine laſts all the Yéar róund.

Móral. *The greáteſt of témporal Blèſſings, are Health, and long Life; and the mòſt dúrable of good Things muſt cónſequently be the beſt.*

XIX. An *Ant* and a *Pigeon.*

An Ant dropt, unlúckily, ínto the Wáter as ſhe was drínking at the ſide of a Brook. A Wood Pígeon took Píty of her, and threw her a líttle Bóugh, to lay hòld on. The Ant ſav'd her ſélf on one of the Léaves, and by the ríppling of the Wáter, got ſafe on Shore. In that véry Inſtant, ſhe ſpies a Féllow with a Bírding-Piece, máking a Shoot at her Delíverer the Pígeon. Upón this Diſcóvery, ſhe préſently runs up to him and ſtings him. The Fówler ſtarts, and breáks his Aim, and awáy flies the Pígeon óut of Sìght.

Moral. *All Créatures have a Senſe of good Offices, and Próvidence it ſelf takes Care, where óther Méans fail, that they may not paſs unrewárded.*

XX. A *Gnat* chállenges a *Liòn*

As a Líon was blúſtering in the Fórreſt, up comes a Gnat to his véry Béard, and énters ínto an Expoſtulátion with him upón the Points of Hónour and Coúrage. What do I válue yoúr Teeth, or yoúr Claws, ſays the Gnat, that are but the Arms of a very Bédlam Siut? As to the Mátter of Reſolútion, I defy ye to put that Point immédiately to an Iſſue. The Líon being blínded with Anger accépted the Chállenge. So the Trúmpets ſóunded, and the Cónſbatants énter'd the Liſts. The Gnat charg'd into the Nóſtril of the Líon, and there twinge'd him 'till he made him róar, and teár himſélf with his ówn Paws. And in the Conclúſion he máſter'd the Líon. Upón this, a Retréat was ſóunded, and the Gnat flew his Way: But by ill-hap ſtruck in a Cóbweb, where the Víctor fell a Prey to a Spíder. This Disgráce went to the Heárt of him, áfter he had gótten the bétter of a Líon, to be wórſted by an Inſect.

Moral. *No man how pówerful ſo éver ought to engáge in a Quárrel with an Adverſary, whoſe Súbtilty, or Advántages are not as well knòwn*

to

to him as his Want of Strength, ſeeing we are fúrniſhed with Exámples of a Lion's béing máſtered by a Gnat, and that thirteen Men in the Cáſtle of DIAM *not ónly outbráved and detáined* LEWIS *with all his míghty Army but éven fórced him to rátifie their ówn Conditi ns.*

XXI. *Júpiter's Wédding.*

When the Toy had once táken Júpiter in the Head to énter ínto a State of Mátrimony, he reſólved for the Hónour of his celéſtial Lády, that all the whole World ſhoúld keep a Féſtival upón the Day of his Márriage, and ſo invíted all líving Créatures, Tag, Rag and Bobtail, to the Solémnity of the Wédding. They all came in véry good Time, ſáving ónly the Tórtoiſe. Júpiter tóld him, 'twas ill done to make the Cómpany ſtay, and aſk'd him, *why ſo late?* Why trûly, ſays the Tórtoiſe *I was at Home in my ówn Hóuſe,* and *Home is Home let it be néver ſo hómely.* Júpiter took it véry ill at his Hands, that he ſhoúld think himſélf bétter in a Ditch, than in a Pálace, and ſo he paſs'd this Júdgement upón him; that ſince he woúld not be perſwáded to come óut of his Hóuſe upón that Occáſion, he ſhoúld néver ſtir abroád agáin from that Day fórward, withóut his Hóuſe upón his Back.

Móral. *There's a Retréat of Slóth and Affectátion, as well as of choice and Vírtue; and a Béggar may be as Próud, and as Háppy too in a Cóttage, as a Prince in a Pálace.*

XXII. *Séamen* práying to Saints.

A Géntleman béing in a Bóat on his Way from Génoa to Léghorn, there aróſe a térrible Témpeſt, ſo that there was líttle Hopes of cóming to Land alíve left. His féllow Páſſengers hereupon fell to práying éach to his Coúntry Saint. *Have a care Géntlemen,* ſays he, *what you do; for what if we ſhoúld All be drówn'd nów befóre the Méſſenger can get Audience? woúld it not be bétter, without góing ſo far abóut, to pray to him that can ſave us withóut Help?* Upón this, they turn'd their Práyers jóintly to God himſélf, and the Wind fálling they all arríved ſafe in the Port they were bóund to.

Moral.

Moral. *The ſhórteſt, and ſúreſt Way of dóing Bús'neſs is beſt.*

XXIII. A *Wóman* and her two *Dáughters.*

A Wóman that had two Dáughters, búry'd one of them, and Mòurners were provided to atténd the Fúneral. The Survíving Dáughter wónder'd to ſee Strángers ſo much concérn'd at the Loſs of her Síſter, and her néareſt Relátions ſo líttle. *Pray Mòther*, ſays ſhe, *What's the Réaſon of this? Oh*, ſays the Móther, *we that are a-kin to her, are néver the bétter for Crying, but the Strángers have Móney for't.*

XXIV. A *Son* ſínging at his *Móther's Fúneral.*

There was a good Man that fóllow'd his Wife's Bódy to the Grave, wéeping, and wáiling all the Way he went, while his líttle Son fóllow'd the Corps ſínging. Why Sírrah, ſays the Father, yoú ſhoúld hówl, and wring yoúr Hands, and do as I do, ye Règue yoú; and not go *Sol-Fá-ing* it abóut like a Mad-Créature. *Why Fáther*, ſays he, *yoú give the free School Móney to ſing, and will yoú be ángry with me for giving ye a' Song grátis.* Well, ſays the Fáther, but that which may becóme the School-bóys will not nów becóme yoú. 'Tis their Office to ſing; but it is yoúr Part to cry.

Móral of bòth Fábles. *Mòurners are as mércenary as common Próſtitutes; they are at his Sérvice that gives them mòſt: And whéther we go to óur Graves ſníveling or ſínging, 'tis all but accórding to the Fáſhion of the Coúntry, and meer Form.*

XXV. *Mice*, *Cat* and a *Bell.*

There was a déviliſh ſly Cat it ſeems in a cértain Hóuſe, and the Mice were plàgu'd with her at évery turn, that they were oblíg'd to call a Còurt, to advíſe upón ſome Way to prevént béing ſurpríz'd. If yoú'll be rul'd by me, ſays a Member of the Bóard, there's nóthing like hánging a Bell abóut the Cat's Neck, to give Wárning befóre hand, when Puſs is a cóming. They all look'd upón't as the beſt Contrívance that the Caſe woúld beár: well, ſays anóther, and nów we are agrée'd upón the Bell, ſay who ſhall put it abóut the Cat's Neck. At this they were all ſtruck dumb, and

none

none béing fóund to under-táke the Explóit, the Expe-dítion fell to the Gróund.

Móral. *The bóldeſt Túlkers are not úlways the greáteſt Dóers: And tho' we néver want Adviſers and Cóuncellors in Mátters of the greáteſt Há-zard; yet let the Réaſon be néver ſo cléar we are ſtill at a Loſs for an Inſtrument to put dángerous Prójects in Execútion.*

XXVI. A *Coúntrey-man* and *Hércules.*

A Cárter that had laid his Wággon faſt in a Slóugh, ſtood gáping and báwling to as mány of the Gods and Góddeſſes as he coúld múſter up, and to *Hércules* eſpécial-ly, to help him óut of the Mire. Why ye lázy Púppy yoú, ſays *Hércules* frówning, lay your Shòulder to the Wheel, and prick yoúr Oxen firſt, and *Then's* yoúr Time to pray. Are the Gods to do yoúr Drúdgery, d'ye think, and yoú lie béllowing with yoúr Fíngers in yoúr Móuth?

Moral. *Men in Diſtréſs muſt work as well as pray, they ſhall be néver the bétter elſe; for the divine Goódneſs né-ver fails thoſe that depénd upón it, provided, that accórding to the Advíce of* Hércules *to the Cárter, they put their òwn Shòulder to the Work.*

XXVII. A *Líon, Aſs* and *Fox.*

There was a húnting Match agréed upón betwíxt a Líon, an Aſs, and a Fox, and they were to go équal Shares in the Boóty. They ran dówn a brave Stag, and the Aſs was to divíde the Prey; which he did véry hóneſtly and ínnocently ínto three équal Parts, and left the Líon to take his Choice: who néver mínded the Dí-vidend; but in a Rage wór-ry'd the Aſs, and then bad the Fox divíde; who had the Wit to make ònly one Share of the Whole, ſáving a mí-ſerable Píttance that he re-ſérv'd for himſélf. The Líon híghly appróv'd of his Way of Diſtribútion, but príthee Réynard, ſays he, *who taught thee to carve?* Why trúly, ſays the Fox, I had an Aſs to my Máſter; and it is his Fólly made me wiſe.

Moral. *There muſt be no Shárers in Sóveraignty. Còurt Cónſcience is Pólicy. The Fól-ly of one Man makes anóther Man wiſe; as one Man gròws rich upón the Rúins of anóther.*

XXVIII. *Aſſes* to *Júpiter.*

The Aſſes fóund themſélves

once ſo intólerably oppréſſed with crúël Máſters, and héavy Búrdens, that they ſent their Ambáſſadours to *Júpiter*, with a Petítion for Redréſs. *Júpiter* fóund the Requéſt unréaſonable, and ſo gave them this facétious Anſwer, "*That húman* „ *Society coúld not be preſerved* „ *withóut cárrying Búrdens* „ *ſome way or óther, ſo that if* „ *they woúld but join, and* „ *piſs up a Ríver, that the* „ *Búrdens which they now cár-* „ *ry'd by Land might be cárry'd* „ *by Wáter, they ſhoúld be eas'd* „ *of that Grievance.*" This ſet them all a Píſſing immédiately; and the Húmour is kept up to this véry Day, that when éver one Aſs píſſes, the reſt, tho' néver ſo mány, ſhall piſs for Cómpany.

Móral. *'Tis the úttermoſt Degrée of Mádneſs and Fólly, to appéal from Próvidence and Náture: And Góvernment can no more ſubſíſt withóut Subjéction, than the Múltitude agrée withóut Góvernment. And the Dúty of obéying is no leſs of divíne Appóintment, than the Authórity of Commánding.*

XXIX. A *trúſty Dog* and his *Máſter.*

The Máſter of a Fámily that had, as he thóught, a véry good condítion'd Dog; cóming home from his Bús'neſs once, fóund a Crádle overtúrn'd; the Dog's Móuth all Bloódy, and his ówn Chíld míſſing. He draws his Swórd immédiately and kills the Dog, upón a Preſúmption that he had wórry'd the Chíld, withóut ány Regárd to his try'd Fidélity, and withóut allówing himſélf one Móment of Time for a ſécond Thóught. Upón a fárther Enquíry, he fóund the Truth of the Mátter to be this: The Chíld béing left alóne in the Crádle, there was a Sérpent wínding it ſélf up the ſide on't, to deſtróy the Chíld. The Dog béing on the watch, léaps upón the Sérpent, and teárs it to Piéces; but in the Scúffle, the Crádle was overtúrn'd; Upón the táking up of which, the Máſter fóund his Chíld alíve únder it, and the Sérpent dead, which, upón Refléction, convínç'd him of the míſerable Temérity of his Miſtáke.

Moral. *The Repéntance of a whole Life, is not ſufficient to atóne for the Miscárriage of one raſh Action. Anger withóut Conſidarátion béing little bétter*

bétter than a dównright Mádneſs; it makes us take Bénefits for Injuries, it confóunds Truth and Fálshood; and we have but too too mány Inſtances of Outrages committed on the Pérſons of óur beſt Friends, upón a falſe Perſwáſion of their bêing óur mórtal Enemies.

XXX. The *Bees* and *Drones.*

There was a Cóntroverſy betwíxt the Bees and the Drones abóut ſome Hóny-Combs that were fóund in a hóllow Oak. They bòth laid Claim to 'em, and a *Waſp* was to be Judge, as one that underſtóod the Mátter. Upón the Tryal of the Cauſe, they ſeem'd bòth to ſtand fair for't, as béing of the ſame Size, Make and Cólour. *Nów*, ſays *the* Waſp, *I am upón my Oáth, and thérefore let me ſee them work their Còmbs, and fill 'em here beſóre me in the Còurt, and I ſhall be then bétter able to underſtánd the Mérits of the Cauſe.* The Drones woúld not agrée to't, and ſo the Vérdict went for the Bees.

Móral. *Preténces go a gréat way in the World with Men that will take fair Words and magiſtérial Looks for cúrrent Páyment: But the ſhort and the cértain Way of bringing the Cauſe to a fair Iſſue, is to put the Pre[illegible]ers to the Teſt of dóing what they ſay.*

STÓRIES

STÓRIES MORALÍZED.

I. The *Magnanímity* of *Caratacus*,

CArataeus a King of *Weſt Brittain* háving withſtóod the Róman Armies nine yéars, Was at length vánquished, and by the Tréachery of his Nèighbour *Carthismandua* Queen of the *Brigántes* delívered ínto the Hands of the Rómans, who, in a triúmphant Mánner, with his Wife, Dáughters and Bróthers, preſénted him to the Emperor *Cláudius* in the View of the whole city of *Rome*, who were aſſémbled as to ſee a nótable Spéctacle. His Relátions in moſt ſúppliant Mánner begg'd for their Lives but *Caratacus* nèither hánging dówn his Head, nor óffering to crave Mércy, appróached Cæſar's Tribúnal and accóſted him thus: "If my Moderátion in Proſpérity had been as greát as my „ Nobílity and Fórtune, I had come ráther as a Friend „ ínto this City, than a Cáptive: nèither woúldſt thóu, „ Cæſar, have diſdáined to have recéived me with Cóve„ nants of Péace, béing deſcénded of áncient Progénitors, „ and commánding óver mány Nátions. My préſent Lot, „ as it is to me Dishónorable, ſo it is to thee magníficent. „ I have had Hórſes, Men, Arms and Wealth: what Már„ vel is it if unwíllingly I have loſt them? For if yoú will „ commánd all Men, it fólloweth that all Men becóme „ Bond-men. If préſently I had yiélded and been delíve„ red ínto thy Hands; nèither my Fórtune, nor thy Gló„ ry had been renóuned; and Oblívion woúld have fól„ lowed my Púniſhment. But if thóu keep me alíve, „ I ſhall be for éver an Exámple of thy Clémency." Há„ving ſpóken theſe Words, Cæſar párdoned him, and all his Fámily; And béing unbóund, they all did their Réve„ rence likewiſe to *Agrippína* the Empreſs, who ſat alóft in anóther high Chair, and gave her the like Práiſes and Thanks, as they had gíven the Prince. After this the Lords of the Sénate béing cálled togéther, they made long and glórious Diſcòurſes toúching *Caratacus*' Captívity:

vity: affirming it to be no leſs hónourable than when *P. Scipio* ſhòwed *Syphax*, King of *Numídia*, untó the Péople, and *L. Páulus Pérſeus* King of *Macedónia*; or if ány óther had exhíbited to the View of the Péople, Kings vánquiſhed and overcóme. TACITUS.

Moral. *Virtue ſhall néver fail of a Rewárd in the Conclúſion.*

II. The *Generóſity* of *Scípio.*

YOúng *Scípio* was at fòur and twénty Yéars of Age a Man of cónſummate Wísdom; and althó' his wárlike Atchíevements térrifíed his Enemies, yet he made ſtill greáter Cónqueſts by his Vírtue, than by his Válour. For as they bróught to him the Wife of *Mando* a Spániſh Prince, with two of her Niéces extréme beaútiful, he ſent them back with theſe fine Words; "That it not ònly becáme his „ òwn, and the Róman Péople's Intégrity not to víòlate „ ány thing ſácred; but beſides the Regárd he had for „ them, obliged him to do them Júſtice; ſince in their „ Misfórtune they had néither forgót themſélves, nor their „ Hónor." And háving done the ſame to anóther Spániſh Prince, whoſe Wife, a Wóman ſtill more accómpliſht in her Beaúty than the óther, had been preſénted to him, he ſent her back to her Húsband with a greát Sum of Móny which was óffered him for her Ránſom. This Prince híghly pléaſed with ſuch an unlóok'd for Fávour, procláimed thro' all the Land, "That á God-like yoúng Ró„ man was come ínto *Spain*, who made himſélf Máſter of „ all, not ſo much by the Pówer of his Arms, as of his „ Vírtue and obliging Náture."

Móral. *Arms and Violence may ſubdúe and hòld Men's Bódys in Subjéction, but 'tis Clémency and Generóſity that cáptivate their Sòuls.*

III. The *Wísdom* of *Thales.*

THáles the *Mileſian*, one of the ſéven wiſe Men of *Gréece*, being ásked what was the òldeſt Thing? He ánſwered, *God, becauſe he has been for ever*; what was the

hándſomeſt Thing? he ſaid, *the World; becáuſe it is the Work of God;* what the lárgeſt Thing? *Place; becauſe it comprehends every Thing beſides;* what the mòſt convénient? *Hope: becauſe when all óther Things are loſt that remáins ſtill;* what the beſt Thing? *Vírtue: for withóut it nóthing that is good can* be ſaid or done; what the quíckeſt? *a Man's Thóughts; becáuſe in one Móment they run óver all the Univerſe;* what the Stróngeſt? *Necéſſity; becáuſe it ſurmóunts all óther Accidents;* what the éaſieſt? *to give Cóuncel;* what the hárdeſt? *to knòw ones ſelf;* what the wíſeſt Thing? *Time; becáuſe it brings all Things to paſs.*

Móral. *We leárn from hence the Excellency of Wísdom, which not ónly makes Men immmórtal áfter Death; but éven plúces them in the Dígnity of Oracles, whilſt líving.*

IV. The *Píety* of King *Cánute.*

KIng *Canutus* wálking on the Séa Sands néar to *Sonthámpton* was by his flátteríng Fóllowers cálled King of Kings, the míghtieſt that réigned far and néar, that bòth Séa and Land were at his beck, and óther ſuch like Còurt Expréſſions: But theſe Spéeches put the píous King in Mìnd of the ínfinite Pówer of God, by whom Kings have and enjóy their's, and thérefore he made this Demonſtrátion to convínce them of their Fláttery: He took off his Clóak, and wrápping it róund togéther, ſat dówn upón it néar to the Séa, that then begán to flòw, ſáying alóud, *Séa I commánd, that thóu toúch not my Feet:* But he had no ſóoner ſpoke the Word, but the ſúrging Wave dáſhed him. He then ríſing up, and retíreing back, ſaid, "Ye ſee nów „ my Lords, what good Cauſe yoú have to call me a King „ of Kings, and Lord óver all things, that am not áble „ by my Commánd to ſtay one Wave: no mórtal Man „ dóubtleſs is wórthy of ſuch an hìgh Name, no Man „ hath ſuch Commánd, but one King, which rúleth all: „ Let us hónor him, let us call him King of Kings, and „ Lord of all: let us not ònly conféſs, but alſo ardently „ profeſs him to be the Rúler of the Héavens, Earth and „ Séas.

Moral.

Moral. *A Reproof has more Effect when it comes by a ſide Wind, than if it were levelled directly at the very Vice or Perſon.*

V. The *Continency* of *Vivaldus.*

THere was one *Luckinus Vivaldus*, that fell deſparately in Love with a Lady of *Genoua;* a Woman well-born, and of a moſt exquiſite Beauty: but yet more illuſtrious ſtill, for her Modeſty, and Virtue. It ſo fell out, that the Huſband of this Lady was taken at Sea by Pyrates, with his whole Fortune on board, and carry'd away into Slavery: while the poor Lady was left helpleſs behind; with ſeveral ſmall Children upon her Hands, and not one Penny to maintain them, and *where there's no Mony there's no expecting to find a Friend.* In the Depth of this dreadful Diſtreſs, ſhe with a heavy Heart went privately to *Luckinus*, and caſting herſelf at his Feet, ſhe diſcharg'd her very Soul to him in a rueful Lamentation to this Effect. "Luckinus, ſays ſhe, I was once in hope, to have gone unattainted to my Grave, Body and Soul; but my croſs Stars, I perceive, will have it otherwiſe: for I am brought into ſo deſperate a State, that, with what Horror, and Reluctancy ſo ever, I muſt either Sacrifice my Honor; or my poor Children: and the Tenderneſs of a Mother, I find, has overcome the Conſciencious Nicety of the Scruple. My preſent Buſ'neſs with yourſelf, is only to tell you, that I am now ready to entertain the Conditions you once offer'd me, upon your own Terms; and entirely to deliver-up my Perſon, and Fame, to your Generoſity, and Mercy." This was managed with ſo divine and moving a Grace, that it made the young Man forty thouſand Times more in Love with her than ever he was. There appeared alſo ſuch a Dignity in the Manner of it, that, at the ſame Time, it both enflam'd his Paſſion, and kept it in a reverential Aw too, by the Veneration it gave him for ſo innocent a Goodneſs.

Upon this Change of Mind, *Luckinus*, with Tears in his Eyes, and his Hands lifted up to Heaven, brake forth

into this pious Ejaculation: "the Divine Purity forbid, says he, „ that ever I should be so great a Villain, as to think of cor„rupting so heavenly a Creature, by making an Advan„tage of her deplorable Necessities, to her everlasting „Ruin. No, no, says *Luckinus* raising her, no such „ Thing shall ever be said of me; and for your own Part, „Madam, whatever I have formerly offer'd you for the „Blessing of your Embrace, shall be now doubled, out „of the Reverence I have for your Virtue." With these Words, he left her, without giving her Time to frame an Answer, and went to his Wife, whom he made both his Confident and Agent, in the Intrigue. Nay, and to silence even Calumny it self too, whatever he did for the unhappy Mother, and her distressed Children, past through the Hands of his own Lady.

Moral. *Tho' we can not always bridle our Passions, yet when the Object be thus reduced, and Possessor of a Soul so magnanimous, it turns Lust into Pity, and an unlaw ful Love into Generosity.*

VI. The *Constancy* of *Constantia*.

THere was a Treaty of a Match in the Isle of *Lipara*, betwixt a young Couple; *Martuccio Gomitto*, and *Constantia*, by Name, but the Father of *Constantia* brake it off, with a contemptuous Reflexion upon the Man for his Poverty. This Affront went so near the Heart of *Martuccio*, that he got himself a Boat and a Crew, and so put to Sea upon Advenure, with a Vow never to see his Country again 'till he should have made himself Considerable in the World: He had not traded long, before he struck into a competent Fortune, but he went on so long, grasping at more that in the end he lost all he had gotten, in an Encounter with Turkish Pirates, that sunk his Ship, and carry'd *Martuccio* himself a Prisoner to *Tunis*.

Ill News, they say, *flies a-pace*, and the Rumour of this Disaster came presently to *Lipara*, where *Constantia*, upon the Tidings, got privately into a little Boat, and in the

the Transport of an ungovernable Deſpair, ſet the Boat a-driſt, and made out to Sea with it; laying herſelf down at her Length, and at the Mercy of the Waves. Providence, in ſhort, ſo order'd the Matter, that the Boat was wafted, a-ſhore by the Favour of a gentle Gale, not far from *Suſa*, and about a hundred Leagues from *Tunis*; and this was the very Night after ſhe embarked.

A poor Woman, as ſhe was drying her Nets upon the Shore, took Notice of a Bark under ſail toward the Land, and no Body in it. Upon this, ſhe went directly down to the Sea Side, and there did ſhe find our young Lady in the Bottom of the Boat, ſo faſt a-ſleep, that ſhe had much a-do to wake her. She look'd about her a little wildly at firſt, but coming to her ſelf by Degrees, and the Woman finding by her Dreſs that ſhe was a Chriſtian, put ſeveral Queſtions to her in Latin, and ſo got from her by little and little, the Short of the Story. Neither was the Lady herſelf leſs inquiſitive on the other Hand, to know where ſhe was: And being told that ſhe was upon the Coaſt of *Barbary*, it went to the very ſoul of her to find her ſelf at the Mercy of ſo unhoſpitable a People. But the poor Woman, to comfort her what ſhe could, took the Lady, in pure Pity and good Nature, to a homely Cottage of her own, where ſhe gave her the beſt Entertainment the Habitation and her Condition could afford. Upon this Occaſion, ſhe told the Lady that her Name was *Carapreſa*, and for her Quality, and Buſineſs, ſhe was a Servant to a certain Fiſherman. *Conſtantia*, finding her Honor and Safety in ſo good Hands, committed herſelf wholly to the Advice and Conduct of this Woman, who accordingly took her into her particular Care.

Pray give me Leave in the firſt Place, ſays *Carapreſa*, to go back and look after my Nets, and I ſhall then wait upon you to *Suſa*, and put you into the Hand of a Saracen Lady, that I am ſure will treat you as her own Fleſh and Blood. *Carapreſa* did as ſhe ſaid, and the Lady had *Con-*

ſtantia wélcome, with all the Ténderneſs and Eſtéem imáginable. There were ſéveral Wómen at Work upón Embroíderies, and óther Curióſities, and not ſo much as one Man to be in the Cómpany. But *Conſtantia*, in the méan Time, was liſted into the Fámily, and beháved herſélf to the pérfect Satisfáction of the whole Hóuſe.

In this *Interim*, there háppen'd a War betwéen the then King af *Túnis*, and a pówerful Preténder to that Títle, who was alréady in the Head of a míghty Army, to aſſért his Claim, *Martuccio* ſpake the Mòòriſh Tongue, and as he was tálking of this Mátter with one of his Kéepers. *Well! ſays* he, *If I were to adviſe the King, he ſhoúld cértainly cárry the Day.* This was hánded abóut 'till it came to the King's Ear, and *Martuccio* was préſently ſent for, and conſúlted in't.

Sir, ſays *Martuccio*, the greát Execútion in yoúr Way of Fighting, is by Bòw and Arrows; ſo that if yoú can but make yoúr Arrows úſeleſs to the Enemy, and their's ſérviceable to yóur ſelf, the Work is done. *Right*, ſays the King; *if that were póſſible.* Why then with Submíſſion, ſays *Martuccio*, let yoúr Bòwſtrings be ſlénder, and they will fit ány Arrow: but then the Nock of yoúr Arrow muſt be ſo ſtrait, and líttle too, that a round, hard String will not receive them. By this Méans yoúr Arrows will be of no Uſe to the Enemy, and theirs advatágeous to you. The King took the Cóuncel, and got the Víctory by it, and *Martuccio* of a Slave becáme a Fávourite; beſide the Reputátion he got for ſo mémorable a Pièce of Sérvice.

Upón the Fame of this glórious Exploít, and of *Martuccio's* Preférment, *Conſtantia* was óut of all Patience to Knòw the Truth of Things, and ſo made the Sáracen Lády her Cónfident in the Stóry of the Advénture, and of the páſſionate Deſíre ſhe had to go to *Túnis* as ſoon as póſſible The Lády took Bóat with her immédiately, and a wáy to a Kínsman of hers upón the Place, and *Carapreſa* alóng with her. Upón her Arríval at *Túnis*, ſhe fóund óut

Mar

Martuccio himſélf, where ſhe tòld him the firſt News of his Míſtreſs, and bróught the two Lóvers togéther. The Ténderneſſes that náturally paſs upón Suprízes of this Quálity, are ònly to be expréſſed by thoſe that feel them.

But to conclúde; when they had póured óut their Heárts one to anóther, the Híſtory of this Amoúr was cárry'd to the King, who was ſo ſénſibly moved with the Próvidence of that Delíverance, and the génerous Cónduct of their Affections, that he made them *bóth* rich Préſents, gave them Léave to márry áfter their òwn way, and a Paſs for *Lipara*, where they were recéived with all Joy and Magníficence, and the Márriage compléted in Form with the due Rites and Solémnities; néither were the new-marry'd Coúple wánting in ány Reſpéct of Generósity, and Grátitude, to their obliging Benefáctreſſes.

Moral, *Móny góverns the World with líttle or no Regárd to Bloúd, Brávery or Mérit. But a Greát Mind ſurmóunts all the Difficulties of a Croſs Fórtune; and that Próvidence turns all the Diſáſters, and Diſappóintments that atténd glórious Undertákings to óur Hónor, and Advántage.*

VII. The *Fidélity* of *Epaminondas.*

Dárius King of *Pérſia* ſent Préſents to the Váliant and Leárned *Epaminondas*, Géneral of the *Thébans*, with Deſígn to támper with him, which when this Nóble Pérſon percéived, he ſaid to thoſe that bróught the Préſents to him, " If *Darius* has a Mínd to be friends with the *Thébans*, he " need not buy my Friéndſhip: and if he has óther " Thóughts, then let him leárn, he has not Riches e" nóugh to corrúpt me; and ſo he ſent them back.

Moral. *Fidélity is a móſt éxcellent Cháracter, eſpécially when accómpany'd with Temptátions. and thérefore this Stóry may ſerve as an Emblem of the Foreſight, Fidélity and Dúty of a trúſty Sérvant, on the one Hand, and of Fláttery, Arts and Práctices that are emplóy'd by évil Men to corrúpt him on the óther.*

VIII.

VIII. The *Disintereſtedneſs* of the *Romans.*

THe Phyſician of *Pyrrhus*, King of *Epirus* that was páſſed óver ínto *Italy* in órder to ſubdúe the *Romans*, háving óffered to *Fabrícius*, the Róman Géneral ſent to repúlſe him, to poíſon his Máſter. *Fabrícius*, deteſting ſo hórrid a Fact, ſent back the Tráytor's Létter to *Pyrrhus*, with theſe words, " Prince, Leárn bétter for the fúture, „ hów to chooſe bòth yoúr Friends and Foes. " To requíte this Bénefit, *Pyrrhus* ſent back all the Príſoners, he had táken: But *Fabrícius* recéived them ònly upón Condítion that he woúld accépt of as mány of his, and writ to him: "Do not belíeve, *Pyrrhus*, I have diſcóvered thís " Tréachery to yoú, óut of a partícular Regárd to yoúr " Pérſon or Fame, but becáuſe the Romans ſhun baſe Stra" tagems, and will not tríümph but by ópen Force! " Which ſo chármed the King that he came to an Accomodátion with them, and ſoon áfter relínquiſhed *Italy*.

Moral. *Hóneſty is éver the beſt Pólicy.*

IX. The *Válue* of *Leárning.*

Simónides was a leárned Man, and an éxcellent Póët, eſpécially in the Way of Panegyric, or Encómium. to the Hónor of the greát Men of his Age; inſomúch that he made his Fórtune by't. After ſome Time ſpent abroád, and a greát Déal of Móny got by his Encómia upón the Héro's of thoſe Times, he put himſélf and his Tréaſure abòard for his òwn Coúntry again, in an òld rótten Véſſel. They fell ínto fóul Wéather, and the Ship miscárry'd. In the Húrry of the Shípwrack, while the Páſſengers were at their Wit's End hów to ſave that which they took to be of the mòſt Válue, *Simónides* was the ònly Man tht appéared unconcérn'd, notwithſtánding that his whole Fórtune was at Stake in the Cárgo. One aſk'd him why he did not look áfter his Goods. Why ſo I do, ſays he, for all the Goods that I pretend to, I have nów abóut me. In this Extrémity, ſome made a Shift to ſwim aſhóre; the greáter Part ſunk únder the Wéight of what they thóught

to preſérve; and in the méan time came in a Crew of Free-Bóoters, that rifled and ſtript thoſe that ſcap'd. The Men that were páddling for their Lives, made a Pòrt, where by greát Próvidence there liv'd a fámous Philóſopher that was a páſſionate Admírer, and a díligent Réader of *Simónides*, and his Wrítings. This Philóſopher, upón the firſt Encóunter, fóund óut *Simónides* by his véry Diſcòurſe; took him ínto his Hóuſe, clóathed him, fúrniſh'd him with Móny, províded him Sérvants, and put him ínto a Condítion in fine, to live in Hónor and Plénty. As *Simónides* was wálking the Streets a while áfter, he ſaw ſéveral of his Shípwrack'd Compánions bégging their bread from Dòòr to Dòòr, with a Certíficate of their Misfórtune. Well, ſays *Simónides*, and d'ye not find it true nów as I tòld ye, that a Man of Létters and of Intégrity, cárries all his Goods abóut him?

Móral. *A wiſe and a good Man cárries his Háppineſs, in his òwn Breaſt; and that's a Háppineſs too, that the útmoſt Málice of wicked Men, and of croſs Fórtune can néver take awáy. Let all Men of Hónor apply the Móral of this Híſtory to their òwn Cómfort and Suppórt, and aſſúre themſélves that Próvidence, either in the Bléſſing of a good Cónſcience, or in that of a háppy Delíverance, will néver forſáke them.*

X. The *Fòrce* of a *Wel-timed Jeſt.*

THere was at *Rome*, in the Time of the Emperor *Auguſtus*, a poor *Greek* Póët who from time to time, when the Emperor went out of his Pálace préſented him with a *Greek* Epigram; and tho' the Emperor took it, yet he néver gave him ány thing; on the contráry, háving a Mìnd one Day to rídicule him and ſhake him off, aſſóon as he ſaw him cóming to preſént him with his Vérſes the Emperor ſent him a *Greek* Epigram of his òwn Compóſing, and writ with his òwn Hand. The Póët recéived it with Joy, and as he was réading of it, he ſhòwed by his Face and Géſtures that he was míghtily pléaſed with it. After

he had read it, he púl'ed óut his Purſe, and cóming up to *Auguſtus*, gave him ſome few Pence, ſáying, „take „this Móny, *Cæſar*, I give it yoú, not accórding to your „greát Fórtune, but accórding to my Abílity; had I more, „my Liberálity woúld be greáter.„ The whole Cómpany fell a láughing, and the Emperor more than the Reſt, who órdered him a húndred thoúſand Crówns.

Móral. *A pléaſant Word or Action in Séaſon is the máking of mány a Man's Fórtune, but it muſt be cléverly, and discréetly mánaged then, with a púnctual Regárd to the Húmour and Condition of the Pérſon, and adápted to all the Circumſtances of Time, Mátter, and Occáſion.*

XI. The *Fícleneſs* of *Fórtune.*

Seſóſtris King of *Egypt* háving cáuſed foúr of his Cáptive Kings, inſtéad of Hórſes, to draw his triúmphal Chário, one of theſe fòur caſt his Eyes contínually upón the two foremoſt Wheels next him, which *Seſóſtris* obſérving, aſk'd him what he fóund wórthy of his Admirátion in that Mótion; to whom the Cáptive King ánſwered, "That in thoſe Wheels be behéld the Mutabílity of „all wórldly Things; for that the lòweſt Part of the Wheel „was ſúddenly cárried abóve, and becáme the hígheſt, „and the úppermoſt Part was as ſúddenly túrned dównwards;" which when *Seſóſtris* had judíciously wèighed, he dismíſt thoſe Kings from their Sérvitude.

Móral. *No Man is to preſúme in Proſpérity, or to dispáir in Advérſity: for Good and Ill Fórtune do as náturally ſuccéed one anóther, as Day and Night.*

XII. The *Reward* of *Innocence.*

As *Itálians* are fámous for their Amoúrs, ſo we find none of them leſs cúlpable than that cárry'd on betwéen *Ricciardo* and *Catharina*. Donna *Catharina* was a beaútiful yoúng Lády, the Hope and Cómfort of her áged Párents, and full as good as ſhe was hándſom. *Ricciardo* was a Cavalíer of Hónor on the óther hand, & had ſo fair a Reputátion with the Fáther and Móther of this Lády, that he

was

was as frée in the Hóuſe with them as a Child of the Fámily. They were bóth well deſcénded; and by the Fréquency of Víſits and Interviéws, had contrácted ſuch an Agréement of Inclinátions and Mánners, that they thóught they coúld not place their Affections bétter than mútually one upón anóther. It was véry rárely, that they coúld get a prívate Word togéther, and their Time was ſo ſhort too, that their Talk was ráther *Hint* than *Diſcourſe*. Such an Opportúnity preſénting it ſélf to *Ricciardo*, *Well! Miſs*, ſays he in a ſoft whísper as he páſſed by her, *I am dead if yoú do not love me. And that's my Caſe too*, ſays ſhe, in the ſame Way of Myſtery: *but hów ſhall we meet? Do but yoú get Léave, ſays* he, *to lodge in the Gárden-Gállery, and let me alóne for the Reſt.* And there the Dialogue broke off.

Catharina took Occáſion next Day to tell her Móther that her Chámber did not agrée with her; ſhe was hot in it, and óut of Order, for want of Reſt. Nów the Gállery-Chámber, ſhe ſaid, was ópen and áiry, and the véry Chírping of the Birds woúld be ſome ſort of Relíef to her, when ſhe coúld not ſleep. They réaſoned the Mátter a while, 'till her Móther prómis'd to move her Fáther abóut it, and ſo ſhe did, but the óld Géntleman was ſo froward, and croſs-gráin'd, that there was no endúring him. *Here's a Stir indéed with a phantáſtical Blóckhead*, ſays he, *as if the Girl coúld not ſleep without a Fiddle.*

The Péviſhneſs of this Reply kept *Catharina* wáking the next Night, in good Éarneſt; and ſhe fell ſo ill upón it, that the Móther preſs'd her Húsband yet once more abóut it. *Why what are yoú a dóing, my Déar*, ſays ſhe, *We have but one poor Child in the World, yoú ſee, and that's to be caſt awáy, it ſeems. What is it to us, I préthee, whéther the Girl lies in one Chámber, or in anóther?* At this Rate ſhe lay téizing of him, 'till at laſt, all in a Fret, *Well!* ſays he, *Yoúng Láſſes are like Wátermen, they look one way, and rów anóther. But if nóthing elſe will ſerve, let but me have the lócking of her up a Nights, and létting*

her out again next Morning, and you may e'en lodge her when you have a Mind.

Don *Ricciardo* underſtanding that his Miſtreſs had gained her Point, mounted the Garden-Wall that Night, and ſoon got up to the Chamber-Window, where he poſted himſelf upon Duty 'till toward Break of Day, and then drew off again. This went forward, Night after Night, 'till at length, having quite overwatch'd themſelves, they fell faſt aſleep, Hand in Hand, at the Window.

While they were in this Poſture, in comes the Maſter of the Houſe, before any of the Family were Stirring, with the Tidings to his Wife, that his Daughter was turned Bird-Catcher, and had caught a Nightingale. *Pray, my Dear*, ſays he, *come along with me now, and tell me if the Girl was not much in the Right to take the Gallery-Chamber for the better Sleeping-Room.* This put the Mother into ſuch a Freak, that the whole Town ſhould have rung of the Story, if her Husband had not given a timely Stop to it. *Come, Come*, ſays the old Gentleman, *ſome wiſer than ſome. In ſuch a Caſe as this, the leſs Noiſe the better. Here's an innocent Love carry'd on, without either Fraud, or Dishonor, the Attempt indeed is Capital to the poor Fellow, but on my Faith, I ſhould be loth to take the Forfeiture. I ſee no Exception at all to the Young-Man, either in Matter of Years, Blood, or Fortune; and for the Reſt, what have we more to do, than to call a Prieſt immediately, and make a Match of it.* The Wife was of the Husband's Opinion; And the Reſolution was no ſooner taken, but the young People a-wak'd in the greateſt Confuſion imaginable. There paſs'd however ſome neceſſary Decencies of Supplication and Submiſſion, to the Father and Mother, and all was afterwards made up by the ſolemnity of a formal Marriage, to the Satisfaction of all Parties.

Moral. *This Story ſhows us the Riſe, Progreſs, and Conduct of a virtuous, faultleſs Love: without any ſubſtantial Exception, either to the Parties, or the Management.* The

Plot

Plot was innocent, and carry'd on within the Bounds of Modesty and Good-Manners: and after some pretty Harmless Turns in the Course of the Relation, here was a Match consummated at last to the Honor of the Proceeding, by the voluntary Consent of Parents.

XIII. The *Event* of a *prudent Answer.*

Leo, the Byzantine a Disciple of *Plato*, and a very famous Philosopher, going to meet *Philip* King of *Macedon*, who came with a great Army to invade his Country, asked him, *Sir, why do you come to attack our City? because*, said Philip, *I am in Love with her; and am come to enjoy her. Ah!* Sir, reply'd *Leo*, *Lovers don't come to their Mistresses with Instruments of War, but of Music.* This agreeable and witty Repartee so pleased *Philip* that he changed his Resolution, and leaving *Byzantium* at Liberty, passed on to other Conquests.

Moral, *A wise Word turneth away wrath*, says Salomon, *and the same holds good of a pleasant Word spoke in Season.*

XIV. The *Goodness* of *Providence.*

Arion a cunning Musician of *Lesbos*, was in great Favour with *Periander* the King of Corinth, from whence he travelled into *Sicily* and *Italy*, where he gathered a great Mass of Mony, by his Skill, and over and above the Good-Will and the Esteem of all People where-ever he came. From thence he put himself aboard a Corinthian Vessel, to go back again, after a while's Sailing he got an Inkling among the Ship's Crew of a Conspiracy to take away his Life. He discoursed the Mariners about it, and came in the End to this Composition; *that if he would cast himself presently into the Sea, and let the Conspirators have his Mony, there should be no further Violence offer'd to his Person.* Upon this Agreement he obtained Liberty to give them only one Song before he leap'd over-board; which he did, and then plung'd into the Sea. The Seamen had no Thought of his ever coming up again, and so crowded away for their Port as fast the Ship could bear. But behold a

wónderful Próvidence, a Dólphin héaring the Múſic of h Lyre, was come únder the Ship and ſéeing *Arion* ſinki took him on his Back, and cárry'd him off ſafe to an land not far from *Córinth*, to which place he immédiate got Bóat, and preſénted himſélf befóre *Periander*, juſt the Condítion the Dólphin left him, and ſo tòld the Stó ry The King órdered him to be táken ínto Cúſtody lóoking upón him as an Impóſter, but at the ſame Ti cáuſed Enquíry to be made áfter the Ship, and the Séam that he ſpoke of, and to knòw if they had héard ány thi of one *Arion*, where they had been? They ſaid *Yes*, a *that he was a Man of greát Reputation in* Italy, *and of vaſt Eſtáte.* Upón theſe Words, *Arion* was produced be fóre them, with the véry Harp and Clóaths he had o when he léap'd ínto the Séa. The Men were ſo confóun ded at the Spéctacle, that they had not the Face to den the Truth of the Stóry, and ſo delívered themſélves u to the King's Mércy.

Móral. *Múrder will óut, and in Cáſes of this Quálity a guilty Cónſcience ſeldom fails to coóperate with divíne Júſtice* (tho' Próvidence may have put by the Blòw.) *in the Púni ſhing* of *the Crîminal.*

XV. *Mérit* Nàtive of *no* partícular *Coúntry.*

THe fámous Philóſopher *Anacharſis*, who invénted the Pótter's Wheel, and did *Greece* óther éminent Sérvi ces, was by Birth a *Scythian*, tho' Bróther to the King of that Coúntry. one Day as a fínical *Grécian*, who had no óther Mérit than that of béing born in *Greece*, loók ing upón him with Envy, repróached him with the Bár barousneſs of his Coúntry; "I confés, reply'd the Phi „ lóſopher ſmíling, that my Coúntry is a Shame to me, „ but thóu art the Shame of thy Coúntry"

Móral. *This may ſerve for a Léſſon to all thoſe ſhállow Wits who èither énvy ór deſpiſe Strângers, méerly becâuſe they are Strângers; not conſídering that* Leárning, Wit *and* Mé rit, *are of all Coúntries.*

FINIS.